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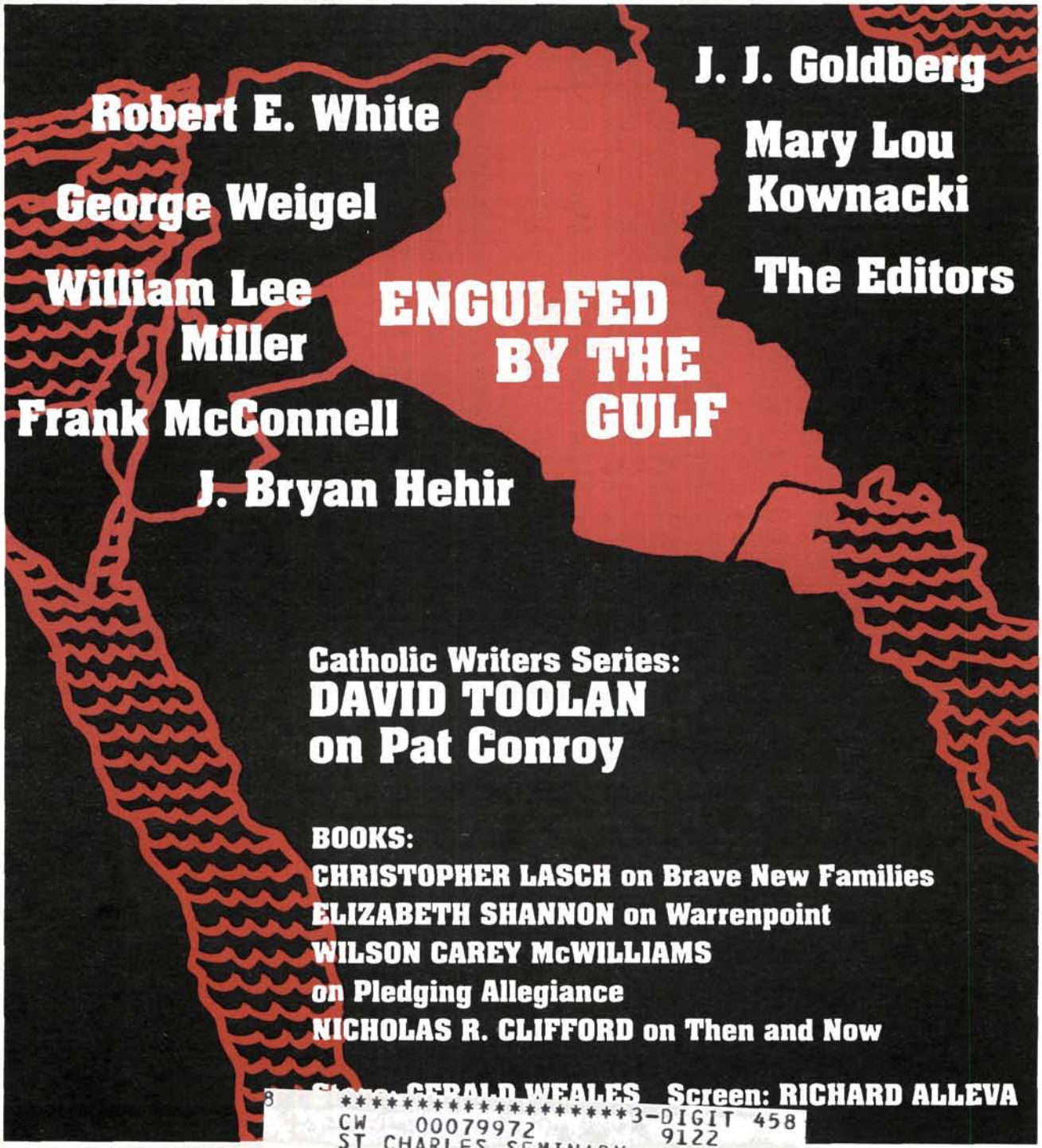

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CORRESPONDENCE

Ecumenism in St. Cloud

Marvin, S. Dak.

To the Editors: In a portion of his article, "What the U.S. Bishops Said Before the Council" (December 7, 1990), dealing with attitudes toward the ecumenical movement held by American bishops prior to Vatican II, Joseph Komonchak includes a comment by one bishop that may be open to misinterpretation. The sentence in question: "Peter Bartholome (St. Cloud) said that 'in the U.S.A., this unity cannot be realized without a miracle of grace.'" Because this citation follows one from Cardinal James McIntyre referring to "the corruption of the faith" among Protestant leaders, readers may think the two prelates were of one mind. On the contrary, in the period before the council, Bartholome was light years ahead of most other Catholic bishops on the subject of ecumenism. In 1959, for example, Bartholome promoted a common Bible study week among Protestants and Catholics within his diocese, earning an accolade from Walter Abbott, S.J., for his leadership. In the same year, and again under his auspices, a dialogue was begun between students of St. John's Seminary in Collegeville and the St. Paul Lutheran Seminary in St. Paul. In 1960 he gained permission from the Vatican to sponsor the first U.S. interfaith theological colloquy, involving five leading Catholic and five leading Protestant scholars; the papers delivered at the colloquy were later published by Newman Press in a volume edited by Colman J. Barry, O.S.B., entitled *Christians in Conversation.*

When most American Catholic bishops and the Catholic University of America refused permission for Hans Küng to speak within their jurisdictions, Bartholome personally invited the theologian to speak at St. John's University. And in 1964, as a result of his close personal friendship with Dr. Luther Weigle of Yale University, Bartholome courageously issued the first *imprimatur* for the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, at that time a remarkable scriptural and ecumenical breakthrough.

It is only fitting that I should use the opportunity afforded by this clarification to express publicly my appreciation to Joseph Komonchak for assisting me in research for my centennial history of the Diocese of St. Cloud, *The Spirit in Central Minnesota.*

MSGR. VINCENT A. YZERMANS

War as the context

Ft. Stewart, Ga.

To the Editors: J. Bryan Hehir [October 26, 1990] raises some important questions that both the military and the public must honestly address. However, when he counsels military personnel to risk court-martial and their military careers by disobeying an order to bomb Baghdad, Father Hehir fails to offer the kind of contextual discussion of the principles of noncombatant immunity that is necessary to guide such a decision.

Arguing against Gen. Michael Dugan's strategic recommendations, Father Hehir cites an article by John Ford, S.J., and the U.S. Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on war and peace. Father Ford offers one of the most cogent and provocative defenses of the principle of noncombatant immunity available, but neither he nor the bishops adequately explore how soldiers can apply this principle to complex questions of military strategy. Father Hehir argues that "deliberate" killing of noncombatants is prohibited, and suggests that a military strike against Iraq might cause significant "collateral" damage. He does not carefully define these terms. Students of philosophical and theological ethics have spent considerable time discussing such terms as "intentional," "deliberate," and "collateral damage," but this discussion has not been public.

In the Persian Gulf, the U.S. confronts a country with considerable chemical weapons capability. If it is known beforehand that bombing chemical weapons facilities will probably result in significant civilian casualties, would such deaths result from "deliberate" targeting, or do they qualify as "collateral damage"? If such an attack violates the principle of noncombatant immunity, how can the U.S. military neutralize Iraq's chemical weapons capability? U.S. commanders have legal and ethical responsibilities to noncombatants, but they also have an ethical responsibility to minimize casualties among the men under their command.

Father Hehir does not recognize that a conflict of these responsibilities is not easily reconciled. Because he does not carefully explore key terms associated with the principle of noncombatant immunity, he does not offer guidance to soldiers who face ethical conflicts. If, before actions are taken, there must be a moral debate about the limitation of force, it must be more sustained, contextual, and public than the one Father Hehir offers.

DEREK S. JEFFREYS

The writer is a private first class in the United States Army.

Boston protest defended

Revere, Mass.

To the Editors: We are writing in response to Robert Dawson's article in *Commonweal* ["ACT-UP Acts Out" September 14, 1990]

(Continued on page 142)

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COMMONWEAL

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Engulfed

"War is at best barbarism....It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell." General William Tecumseh Sherman, who cut a swatch of desolation through Georgia during our own Civil War, knew whereof he spoke. We suspect General Norman Schwarzkopf, now commanding U.S. forces in the Gulf and a veteran of Vietnam, also knows. It is the sort of knowing that philosophers, writers, and editors usually do not possess. Their ruminations and distinctions can often seem little more than efforts to hide from the truth of what is actually going on. We take this reality to heart: what we do not know about war, in particular what we do not know about *this* war, is considerable. And yet this does not relieve us—or others of saying what we are able, if only tentatively.

Admittedly, war is complex and ambiguous. When it breaks out it is usually with mixed motives, multiple goals, and grandiose claims about outcomes. As the war effort unfolds, complexity and ambiguity are commonly eclipsed by the solidification of public opinion, usually positive, about its purpose. The war in the Gulf is now a month old—brief in real time, but of long *durée* in the habitually short attention span of most Americans. Opinion polls show that the public has rallied to George Bush; his approval ratings are up. Even so, complex thoughts and ambiguous feelings about this war persist: in conversations, casual and serious; in TV interviews with experts, some who oppose and some who favor (and among them, some who switched on January 16); in editorials, generally supportive, but with caveats and questions; and in the minds of the American people, who mostly would like the war to end as quickly as possible.

Constant TV coverage encourages people to think that they know more about this war than they do; in fact, given the coverage, it is surprising how little real information we have. Still, this is the most widely scrutinized and discussed war the United States has ever fought. The debate that took years to emerge in Vietnam and Central America sprang up almost instantaneously in the case of the Gulf. The debate that went on from August 2 to January 15 in the media, at the UN, in Washington, among ordinary Americans, and finally in Congress has made millions of people familiar with the pros and cons of sending troops to Saudi Arabia, of the UN resolutions and the sanctions against Iraq, of going to war—or not.

Then on January 16, we did go to war. Now the debate is about the air war and collateral damage, about a ground war and military casualties, about war goals and the future of Iraq, and about political outcomes and the future of the whole Middle East. That is where our attention, along with many others, has been focused.

More Americans have become conversant with the ins and outs of just-war theory

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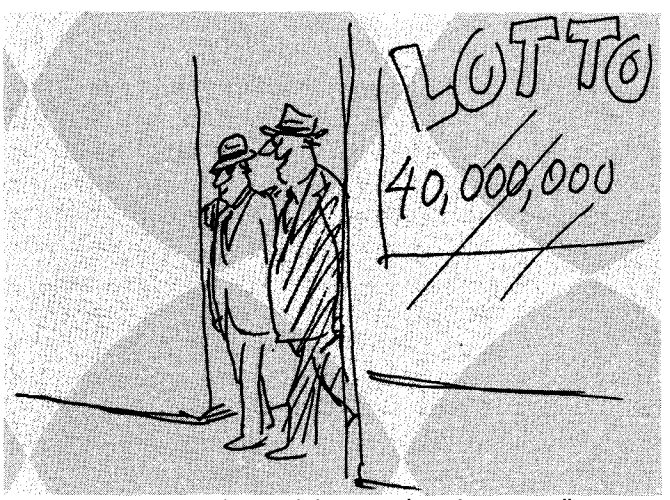
than Grotius or Aquinas ever dreamed of. At this juncture, there can hardly be any analysis, judgment, or scenario that has not been aired in the millions of conversations that have gone on in homes, offices, and classrooms. Indeed, our experience is that many people in these conversations have held most of these opinions—some at one time and some at another—over the past seven months; nobody raises a caveat or problem or scenario that one has not already considered. The editors of *Commonweal* are no exception. Perhaps this national conversation explains the relatively civil and somber tone of the debate, which William Lee Miller analyzes on page 122.

What more can be said? Before January 16, we along with many others, argued that sanctions and further diplomatic efforts needed more time. George Bush claims to have known otherwise: assessments weighing the effect of sanctions and of negotiations, coupled with what was known about Saddam Hussein's readiness to sacrifice his last soldier—and last citizen—finally seem to have led the administration to the conclusion that the embargo would not work (see Robert White, page 118). Hussein's subsequent tactics—pouring oil into the Gulf, hitting Israel with Scud missiles, and his refusing in the face of defeat to negotiate a settlement—support that assessment.

We are left then with the question of the air war, a possible ground war, and proportionality, which Bryan Hehir also takes up in his column (page 125). The bombardment of Iraq and Kuwait goes on, with what civilian fatalities we do not know. The U.S. government insists that it is taking every precaution to avoid civilian casualties while it remains conveniently unable to provide even the slightest estimate of how many there may be. After issuing suspiciously low figures for weeks, Iraqi sources have increased them ten-fold to between five and six thousand. Given the number of combat sorties, those figures could substantiate U.S. military claims of its intentions. They are also less than many pre-war estimates. But they are beyond what would make a calculation about proportionality easy. Add the numbers of injured and homeless. If bridges, roads, power stations, water and sewerage systems are being bombed as legitimate military targets, how long can it be before there are further effects on civilians, both from bombs and from epidemics, starvation, dehydration, and accidents? Normal civilian life hardly seems possible in the cities of Baghdad and Basra. After four weeks there are conflicting assessments about the bombing's impact on Saddam Hussein's war-making capacity, but his military machine still appears to be in fighting order. Would another month of bombing materially alter this? It is impossible to imagine that it would not. Nonetheless, there is the press for a ground war in which tens of thousands of American and Iraqi soldiers could be maimed or killed. We do not see how this potential carnage in Kuwait—civilian and military—could be proportionate to the war's stated goal, the liberation of Kuwait and the restoration of its lawful government. But unless Saddam Hussein withdraws from Kuwait, unless there are major defections from among the Iraqi forces, unless there is a pause in the air war to allow a negotiated settlement, there is almost certainly going to be a ground war—as we write (February 12) that seems very certain, if "not imminent," as Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney said on his return to Washington.



"Everybody loses. It's how *you lose that counts."*

But if the ground war is brief, if Hussein's war machine turns out to be a Potemkin army, if U.S. forces are quickly withdrawn after Kuwait is liberated, then perhaps the means will prove commensurable with the end. Those many "ifs" and many unknowns leave us in a state of agnosticism. We are not ready with George Bush to declare this a just war. But neither do we see evidence that it is manifestly unjust.

We do not agree with those opposed to the war who argue that American military intervention in the Gulf is immoral in itself. We doubt that case can be made. Nor do we agree that, left to itself, the Arab world would have been able to negotiate a stable settlement with Saddam Hussein, and that but for American intervention, matters would have been peacefully resolved. These issues bring us directly to the political background of the war and its possible political outcome.

Whether the war is finally seen to be just or unjust, its political fall-out may well make it seem imprudent and ill-advised. But even that is not clear. Given enough will and vision, the chief players in this war may be able to make the first steps toward region-wide security, stability, and fairness. Clearly Arab recognition of Israel along with the end of the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and the creation of a Palestinian state would contribute greatly to long-term stability and peace in the region. On page 123, J.J. Goldberg reports recent political moves by the Likud government that point to continuing intransigence at least on the part of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. The world rightly admires Israeli restraint in face of the Scud missile attacks, but Israelis know better than anyone how short-lived that admiration will be when the time comes to shape a regional peace. And it is here that perhaps the American war effort will finally have its real test. The Bush administration, the Congress, and the American people did not hesitate to stand up to Saddam Hussein. That should give courage and comfort to Israel. That it is unlikely to move Mr. Shamir, who will always find reasons to postpone steps toward a settlement, should not deter the Bush administration, the Congress, and the American people from pressing the Israeli people to seek leaders who will take such steps.

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Another source of confidence-building would be a thoroughgoing agreement to limit arms and arms sales in the region. The formidable amount of weaponry the allies currently face in Kuwait—direct courtesy of France, the Soviet Union, Germany, China, and Brazil, and indirect courtesy of U.S. trade credits—is shameful evidence of our own and many other nations' complicity in arming tyrants whom we would make our friend.

The defeat of Saddam Hussein's offensive military capabilities will be the most immediate and important factor in restoring a regional balance. Perhaps from that there can emerge the much-acclaimed Arab solution to Arab problems. If there is an "Arab nation" that transcends current borders, this is the time for moderate and wealthy Arab governments to embody it by ameliorating the economic divisions between have and have-not countries. It is also the moment for an honest scrutiny by the Arabs of the interplay between history (imperialist and otherwise), Islam, and the self-destructive tendencies of Arab politics.

And then there is the United States. The somberness with which the nation contemplates yet another war must finally end in some honest scrutiny of ourselves. Our readiness to straighten out the rest of the world when our own house lies in such disorder is equally self-destructive.

ET CETERA

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE Some while ago when hostilities broke out between A. M. Rosenthal the Righteous and Patrick J. Buchanan the Belligerent, *Commonweal* (October 26, 1990) declared a policy of Armed Neutrality. We see no reason to change our stance now that Mr. B. is launching syndicated Scuds at Episcopal Bishop John Shelby Spong of Newark.

Bishop Spong is something of a Late Edwardian figure, fearlessly leading "modern Christians" into battle against Victorianism with minimal attention to the several cultural eras that have intervened. Bishop Spong's latest bout with notoriety arises from his contention that St. Paul was a self-loathing homosexual. This has upset Mr. Buchanan, who has always known that St. Paul was a clean-cut Olympic boxing and track champion who dated widely before entering the Jesuits.

In the contest pitting barroom brawler against the aging flower child of the Episcopal hierarchy, perhaps we should take the side of the latter. Unfortunately, Bishop Spong is a man who complains of St. Matthew that "He did not possess the level of scholarship available to us today" and that some of his "literal details ... are so gauche as to be embarrassing." If the prelate is an innocent, he is the kind who cheerfully passes you a hand grenade with the pin pulled out.

One such hand grenade was a draft report, presented at Bishop Spong's diocesan convention, calling for Catholic women to defect from their church. For some reason the document provoked Roman Catholic Archbishop Theodore E. McCarrick of Newark to wonder about the state of ecumenism.

Mr. Buchanan applauded the archbishop's sour thoughts but

"There are no priests, bishops, or cardinals up here; we're just one happy laity."

regretted that he had not taken an eye for an eye and called for defections from the Episcopal church. Indeed Mr. Buchanan waxed nostalgic over the fact that "four hundred years ago, men and women went to their deaths over differences between the Church of England and the Church of Rome." Doesn't "pre-Vatican II evangelism seem somewhat more impressive" than "post-Vatican II ecumenism?" he asked. Quoting John Crowe Ransom, he ended with a denunciation of "the spiritual flaccidity of modern religion" and a paean to a "virile" God.

Mr. Buchanan is unfortunately so engorged with this imagery that he is in no shape to answer his own question. He does not notice that the problem with what he calls "pre-Vatican II evangelism" is not that Christians of rival varieties were willing to die for their faith. The problem was that there had to be Christians at the other end of the executioner's axe who were willing to kill for their faith. When a religion of love becomes the occasion for its adherents to kill one another, isn't the sight repugnant rather than stirring?

In Mr. Buchanan's case, of course, we wouldn't count on it.

ECUMENICAL FUNDRAISING New York City's beleaguered public school system employs seven thousand bureaucrats. The Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York runs its schools with only thirty-five pencil pushers. Peter M. Flanigan, a director of the "I Have a Dream" college scholarship foundation, noted this provocative discrepancy in praising the academic success of Catholic schools in a February 12 *Wall Street Journal* column. Flanigan urges New Yorkers of every inclination and allegiance to support the archdiocese's $100 million school fundraising campaign. Without the money,

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many Catholic schools in New York will have to close. Supporting those schools is in everyone's interest, was Flanigan's point.

Amen.

THE GULF WAR

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

THE MEANS OVERWHELM THE ENDS

President George Bush violated the logic of his own diplomacy when he prematurely abandoned sanctions and launched into war. By the momentum of its own policy, the Bush administration has told the world that it intends not only to evict Iraq from Kuwait but also to overthrow President Saddam Hussein. This confusion of means and ends gives President Hussein the opportunity to orchestrate a peace initiative that would force the United States either to accept him as leader of a still-intact Iraqi nation and idol of most of the Arab peoples or to carry on the war, thereby fracturing the coalition of forces and imperiling United Nations sponsorship.

With so many diplomatic options available to both sides, why did war come about? Dismiss out of hand those conspiracy theories which contend that the United States lured Saddam Hussein into invading Kuwait, thereby providing the Bush administration with a pretext for crushing him. Indeed, it is more plausible to argue that as late as July 25 of last year, the Bush administration was trying to mend its relations with Iraq at the expense of Kuwait. When Saddam Hussein spoke angrily about Kuwait because it was keeping oil prices artificially low, Ambassador April Glaspie said that the United States recognized the need for increased revenues to rebuild Iraq's war-torn economy and stated, "We have no opinion on... your border disagreement with Kuwait." To the Iraqi leader this was a direct message that the U. S. would not object if he forced Kuwait to yield the disputed Rumalia oil fields and the two uninhabited islands of Babiyan and Wasan necessary to the security of the deep-water canal Iraq intends to build to the inland port of Basra. Instead of accepting this significant concession, Saddam Hussein gambled that he could get away with a takeover of the entire country of Kuwait.

Saddam Hussein's gamble would have failed had the U. S. not given in to rash militarism. In the days following the invasion of Kuwait, the world witnessed a blend of subtle and elegant diplomacy missing from the conduct of American foreign affairs since Dean Acheson was secretary of state. With the United States discreetly in the lead, the Security Council voted to condemn the invasion and imposed a near-total trade embargo on Iraq. Turkey cut the two pipelines that carried over 80 percent of Iraq's oil to world markets. Egypt and Syria sent troops in significant numbers to help convince the world that this was not Western imperialism on the march.

With the world united against Iraq, the United States had only to ratchet up the diplomatic pressures while the economic blockade—97 percent effective according to the CIA—did its work. Instead the Bush administration raised the troop levels in Saudi Arabia from a trip-wire force of under thirty thousand to a huge army of four hundred thousand. This ill-considered move put the world inexorably on the path to war.

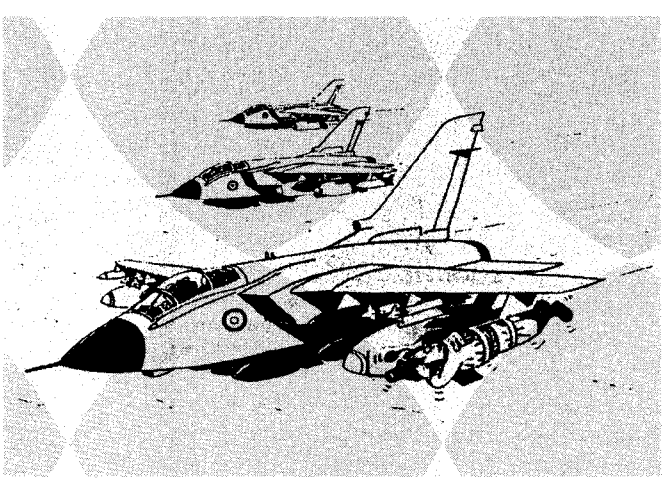
Sanctions did not fail. The embargo had cut off Saddam Hussein's lifeline to the world. Thus, it was only a matter of time before he would have had to find a face-saving exit. War, however, will fail because the Bush administration has changed its objectives and thereby handed Saddam Hussein a trump card that he can play the moment he judges he has squeezed every drop of political advantage out of the conflict.

The UN Security Council has authorized the use of force only to drive Iraq from Kuwait. Yet as U.S. troop strength has grown, the administration's rhetoric became more warlike. No partial withdrawal. No linkage. President Bush compared Saddam Hussein with Hitler and talked of the moral imperatives that govern the struggle between "good and evil, right and wrong." Today, hardliners in the administration seem almost desperate to head off diplomatic initiatives that could stop the war.

Secretary of State James Baker appears to be the only major figure in the administration who stands for limiting the war to its original objective. When Baker and Soviet Foreign Minister Aleksandr Bessmertnykh signed a joint statement that peace would be possible if Iraq would make an unequivocal commitment to withdraw from Kuwait, the White House greeted this diplomatic move with stunned disbelief and tried to bury the story.

The bombing may have done grave damage to Iraq, but the war has done great things for Saddam Hussein. He has inflicted missile damage on Tel Aviv, has sent his tanks into Saudi Arabia to kill American soldiers, and has shot down U.S. aircraft. To the frustrated, angry, and impoverished peoples of the Middle East, Saddam Hussein is the new champion who has challenged the West. His popularity threatens the stability of several Arab governments that have supported the United States.

To prolong the war will only insure the further destruction



"It's all right, he's from CNN!"

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of Iraq and will do little to add to the impressive political stature that Saddam Hussein has already achieved. Therefore, the next few weeks may see him ready to accept a version of the joint U.S.-Soviet statement that calls for an end to the war if Iraq agrees to leave Kuwait. The plan is all the more attractive to Iraq because it links this withdrawal to a promise to deal with the "cause of instability and the sources of conflict, including the Arab-Israeli conflict."

If Saddam Hussein were to accept a version of the Baker-Bessmertnykh peace proposal, he would present the Bush administration with a stark choice. Hard-liners led by Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney will argue that it would be folly to stop the war with victory so close. They will point out that if Saddam Hussein survives he wins and that now is the time to crush a ruthless tyrant before he becomes the premier leader of the Arab world. Secretary of State Baker will insist that to reject the peace plan would divide the coalition, divide the United States from its allies, and give substance to the charge that the United States regards the United Nations only as a tool to advance its own interests.

The United States will almost surely pay a huge price for abandoning the sanctions policy that offered the best hope of bringing down Saddam Hussein and insuring that a moderate government would take over. By resorting to war the U.S. has inflamed Arab nationalism, and made it unlikely that the United Nations will ever again unite effectively against an aggressor under U.S. leadership.

ROBERT E. WHITE

Robert E. White, U.S. ambassador to El Salvador during the Carter administration, is president of the Center for International Policy in Washington, D.C.

Production Editor: *Commonweal* seeks a new production editor to begin work in early April. The position requires hands-on knowledge of magazine production and lay-out. The production editor is responsible for dummying each issue, selecting illustrations, placing advertisements, and other production details. He or she works directly with the editors, typesetters, and printers on all details involving production and copy preparation. The production editor should be creative, self-motivated, organized, flexible, and able to handle details under deadline. Word processing and computer experience necessary. Four-day work week. Full benefits. Please send a cover letter, resumé, and samples to the Editor, *Commonweal*, 15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038.

THE GULF WAR

FIRST HEARTS, THEN MINDS

TACTICS FOR PEACEMAKERS

A radio station in my hometown ran a poll for "Bad Guy of the Day." The two contestants were Saddam Hussein and the Benedictine Sisters of Erie, Pennsylvania. Saddam Hussein because he's Hitler's clone and the target of our Tomahawk missiles; the Benedictine Sisters because we've spoken and acted against the Gulf war. The contest was a cliff-hanger, but the Benedictine Sisters squeaked out a victory.

Before you chalk it up to small-town narrowmindedness, keep two things in mind. First, major companies consider Erie one of the top cities in the nation for testing new products. Will Little Caesar's pizza sell better with two layers of mozzarella or three? Test it in Erie and you'll have a good read of the tempo of the country. Second, Erie is about 65 percent Catholic.

Am I missing something here? Is the church? Is the Catholic peace movement? Why such passion for patriotism and such disdain and misunderstanding toward those who want to rid the world of war?

The half-time extravaganza at the Super Bowl gives us a clue. Promoters flew in hundreds of children of servicemen and women to parade around the football field holding flags; a beautiful blond-haired boy sang a special song to the soldiers; there was inspiring martial music, an all-American Mickey Mouse, flags and fireworks galore. When the final note sounded, you couldn't find a dry eye in the stadium or in TV rooms around the country. Even my heart was pounding. Someone did an excellent job of marketing patriotism, of making millions feel pride in their country and support for the war. Someone knew that to move the masses you must touch the heart.

Someone, in other words, knows more than the church or the peace movement. So far our approach to the Persian Gulf war is an appeal to reason or to radical faith. As if getting enough Catholics to memorize and apply the just war theory will set them afire for peace. Or if enough pacifists shout "love your enemies" loud and long enough, the crowds will convert.

To be taken seriously in the Persian Gulf debate by the military, political, and academic communities, the church and the peace movement seem to be sacrificing legitimate appeals to the heart: symbols and stories that put a human face on war. Points and counterpoints on whether or not a war is just will never touch people's hearts like yellow ribbons on trees and flags on car hoods. Dissecting fine points on what constitutes indiscriminate bombing is meaningless rhetoric to a five-year-old Iraq girl blown apart by a U.S. cluster bomb. And it's that child's story we must tell.

I know what convinced me to give my life to the peace movement. It wasn't attending a seminar on Catholic social teaching. It was reading *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Erich Remarque made me feel deeply for Paul, a young German soldier in World War I, an "enemy" of my country. What an awakening! The "enemy" had a family, best friends, favorite foods, loved reading, wrote poems...the "enemy" was just like me. I sobbed when

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Paul went home for a brief furlough; the scene was too close to my brother Joe's homecoming from Vietnam, right down to both mothers going to the stove to fry potato pancakes for their war-weary sons.

The Pentagon knows what turned average U.S. citizens against Vietnam. It wasn't the release of the *Pentagon Papers*. It was vivid pictures of endless body bags holding eighteen-year-old boys from Tacoma and Tempe and Cleveland; of a young Vietnamese girl running down a highway, naked and screaming, her back ablaze with napalm; of the dusty village of My Lai strewn with bloody bodies of old women and young children.

When I taught junior high school, I knew what made my students passionate about peace. It wasn't discussing the commandment, Thou Shalt Not Kill. It was literature class, when I had them lie on their backs on the classroom floor and imagine being buried six feet underground while they reverently recited:

We are the dead.
Short days ago we lived,
felt dawn, saw sunsets glow
loved and were loved,
and now we lie in Flanders Fields.

The English poet Wilfred Owen, who was himself killed in World War I, wrote, "My subject is war and the pity of war. The poetry is in the pity." The military-industrial complex has as its subject war and the patriotism of war. So far they've done an excellent job of making the U.S. public feel the honor and glory of the Persian Gulf war. It's up to the churches and the peace movement to make the people feel the poetry and pity of it.

Artists, poets, storytellers, and songwriters can help us. So can ordinary people like Coast Guard Lieutenant J.G. Walter Westin, twenty-eight, of Richmond, Virginia, a crewman on the *Nicholas*, the Navy guided-missile frigate that captured the first twenty-three Iraqi prisoners of war. "I had an image of fierce, ruthless fighters, but, really, these men weren't different from you or me," he told the *Washington Post*. "When I started working with the first prisoner, I saw the fear in his eyes and saw him shaking. I think I would have the same fear if I was in his situation."

Westin continued, "Here's the enemy, but for me, at that time, it wasn't. It was a life."

Oh, that we would all grasp that insight and stop wasting time. A radio station that sponsors a vote for bad guys during a human tragedy is wasting its time. A church that prays for peace but justifies war is wasting its time. A peace movement that relies on rhetoric rather that making present the human face of war is wasting its time. A people that seeks a new world order without first recognizing how precious is life and how pitiful is war is wasting its time. And how much time can we afford to waste?

MARY LOU KOWNACKI

Mary Lou Kownacki, O.S.B., is national coordinator of Pax Christi USA, the national Catholic peace movement headquartered in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Call 202-456-1111, ask for George

When Maureen finished her studies at St. Bonaventure, a Franciscan college in Olean, New York, she knew that she did not want the business world that she experienced during her summer internships. Maureen's first work was with elderly people in Boston. Her employers, the "Little Brothers," had a motto—"Flowers before food." The Little Brothers target lonely, elderly people with no relatives or close friends at hand. Maureen visited, talked, shopped with, did chores with, and helped them with daily trials.

When the Franciscans called Maureen and asked her to run a soup kitchen back in Olean, she left Boston and bonded her love and hard work to the poor of Olean. Over a two-year period she became family with a group of forty or more regulars who came to share meals she prepared and served. The characters became real life to us when she had the rare opportunity to come home for a short visit. Her stories were always warm, full of humor, love, and sadness. Always hoping to do more for the poverty-stricken families, she complained that resources were always sparse. Money was just not available.

We understood when she told us that she was leaving for Belfast, Ireland, to work with children torn apart by intolerance, economic injustice, and hate. Her letters from Belfast were both chilling and comforting. Working with the Society of Friends (Quakers), she deepened her respect for that marvelous group who taught her Irish history, culture, and horror. She learned how to walk quickly past British soldiers toting machine guns at the ready position, and how to try to understand the connection between economic injustice and selfish political interests.

Home from Ireland, it was only a few days before she was off to another wartorn city, a place of guns, murders, drugs, and economic injustice—New York City. Maureen accepted a full-time position counseling teen-age runaways. For two-and-a-half years she has held onto her idealism. With many more kids lost to drugs, pimps, and the street than success stories of boys and girls going back home, or accepted by caring foster parents, she has clung to hope.

"Money is not the answer to our problem," she noted more than once. Yet, she complained to her mother of the lack of clothing at the New York City funded shelter where she works. Her mother took her to a low-overhead discount store where they bought underwear for the girls coming from the street. "Spending a few dollars is better than having to separate angry girls fighting over pants and bras," she said.

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A WAR ABOUT AMERICA

WANTED: A GENUINE PEACE MOVEMENT

Forgive what may seem an impertinence: but this proponent of the just war tradition, who supports the use of armed force against Iraq, also believes that America needs a genuine peace movement —which is precisely not what has been in the streets (and in many ecclesiastical venues) these past months. Why do we need it? Because the alternative is an anti-American-power movement that will, like its Vietnam-era antecedent, debase the coinage of political discourse for years to come.

What would a peace movement worthy of the name have been teaching since the war began on August 2, 1990?

It would have unambiguously condemned Iraqi aggression, telling Saddam Hussein that he could not play the Vietnam card in American domestic politics.

It would have focused its disarmament concerns on the Iraqi dictator's relentless build-up of weapons of mass destruction, and demanded their dismantling under international inspection.

It would have avoided Saddam Hussein's strategic trap: the establishment of a fictional moral equivalence between the Iraqi invasion, occupation, and plunder of Kuwait and Israeli policy in the Occupied Territories.

It would not have posed the moral argument on U.S. Gulf policy as one between the morally concerned and the morally obtuse, but rather as a complex democratic deliberation in which the central virtue is prudence.

It would have refused to indulge in ritualized corporation-bashing, and it would have disciplined itself to reject slogans like, "We won't fight for Texaco." It would have linked legitimate concerns about America's dependence on foreign oil to an acknowledgment that the countries that would be hit hardest by Saddam's control over this basic commodity would be the poor countries of the third world and the emerging democracies of Central and Eastern Europe.

It would have avoided excuse-making for the embrace of Saddam Hussein by the PLO.

What would a peace movement worthy of the name say about winning the peace, after we have won the war?

It would develop the concept of "peace for peace" as an alternative to the stale formula of "land for peace." It would call on the Arab countries threatened by Saddam Hussein to make a genuine breakthrough to a more stable future by ending their state of war with Israel and by acknowledging, publicly, Israel's permanence in the region. Having done this, it would also challenge the government of Israel to a more imaginative approach to its security problems and a more supple diplomacy.

It would understand with Bernard Lewis that "the only true solution [for the Arabs]...is to free themselves from the variegated tyrannies that oppress and degrade them, and to create new regimes, more respectful of human and political rights, their own and other people's."

It would bring its concern for nonviolence to bear on the central historic tragedy of the post-World War II Arab world: that it has too often been characterized by political violence, within Arab countries and between Arab countries. It would say, again with Lewis, that the development of a more humane political culture in the Arab Middle East is "not beyond the creative powers of a great and gifted people whose forebears wrote one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of civilization." It would, in other words, refuse to engage in that racism that treats the Arabs as fractious children who really don't know any better, and thus have to be appeased.

Finally, it would straighten itself out on the subject of America. Has there ever been so reluctant a superpower as the United States? Has there ever been a great power, at the pinnacle of world politics and economics, that put itself through such rigors of self-examination before committing its citizens to battle? U.S. foreign policy is, of course, neither omniscient, omnicompetent, nor fully satisfactory from a moral perspective. The failures of U.S. policy toward Iraq are well known; a genuine peace movement would urge that, in thinking through the postwar politics of the Middle East, we learn from some profound errors of analysis and judgment.

But to argue, as one demonstrator in Washington did in January, that the United States is "a much greater danger to the Middle

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When President George Bush and Congress decided to commit American blood and dollars to another far-off venture, Maureen called to say that she was going to Washington January 26 to demonstrate against the war. We planned to meet on the Mall between the Capitol and the Washington Monument. It proved to be a poor plan. Approximately two hundred thousand people congregated in the cold dry air. We never met, but the following day we talked on the phone and shared observations and feelings. We were still exhilarated by the massive protest against the ugliness of our nation's commitment to death and destruction. We compared signs that caught our imagination: "Peace is Patriotic." "'War Is Peace'—George Orwell, *1984*. 'War Is Peace'—George Bush, 1991." "Support the Troops. Bring Them Home, Alive." "Intelligence. Not Testosterone."

"What," I asked, "did you see that was an important message to fit your work activities?"

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "For years I've been asking the same question that I saw painted on a plain cardboard poster. It asked: 'Why do we always have money for war?'

My only response was: "Call 202-456-1111 and ask for George. The congressional purse strings seem to be in the Oval Office."

JACK GILROY

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East" than Saddam Hussein is a position so desperately wrong-headed that it can only derive, not from a thoughtful calculus of policy failures (and successes), but from the deep-set alienation that has been both the distinguishing hallmark of the "new movement," and its temporal and ideological linkage with "Vietnam."

The war is also about America.

GEORGE WEIGEL

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THE GULF WAR

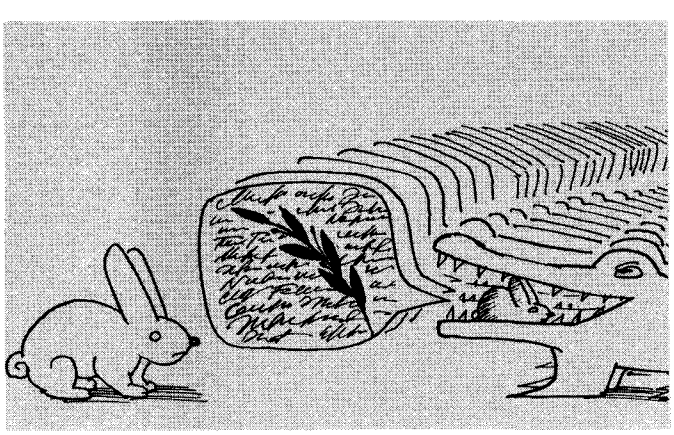
WATCHING OUR WORDS

SO FAR, A MORE CIVIL TONE

We shape the future after a war not only by the way we fight it on the battlefield, and end it at the peace table, but also by the way we interpret it in the public forum. Wars leave not only rows of graves and monuments and shells of buildings and cratered fields, but also scars in the culture and pictures in our heads. No one can doubt that mental touchstones from Vietnam are with us still; some see the whole war-ravaged century shaped by the cultural as well as the political and military debris from World War I. It may be very early yet to say it, and the atmosphere could change in a moment, but several weeks into this war one may note, with hope, a limited and fragile improvement over those that have preceded it.

In the first place the debate in this country over the war has been conducted, so far, without poisoning the wells from which future generations must drink. George Bush, for all of his rhetorical ineptitude and pseudo-Texan swagger, has not applied any of his epithets to the protesters; he has not dealt with the opposition to the war with the neurotic hostility displayed by Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. The kinder, gentler treatment of protesters by Seattle's mayor and police may not be the national norm, but it is a hopeful sign. And the opponents of the war, for their part, have not yet shown much of an inclination to demonize George Bush—at least not with the passionate intensity directed toward Johnson and Nixon. "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids have you killed today?" (When more are killed, maybe that will change.) Leaders of the opposition to the war have been careful, moreover, to avoid one of the terrible moral confusions of the Vietnam era: the spilling over of the disapproval of the war, with grotesque unfairness, somehow onto the members of the armed services who fought in it. This time leading doves are reiterating the careful distinction between the soldiers, airmen, sailors, and marines, whom they respect and, as the word has it "support," and the policy, which they do not support. (In times of strong contending passions—when the mass on each side has a tendency to turn into a cultural lynch mob, often lynching the wrong persons—sound conduct in high politics includes explicitly and repeatedly and publicly insisting on scrupulous distinctions, including very elementary ones.) It helps that, except for the worrisome difference of opinion between blacks and whites, this time opinions about the war do not fit neatly into pre-existing fault lines in the society; there are Jewish and other college-educated intellectual and liberal supporters of the war, and there are hard hats who oppose it. Thus sociology may give moral restraint a boost. It turns out to have been fortunate, moreover, if this war had to come, that it was preceded by a three-day debate in Congress that was not only sober and civil and mutually respectful (as everyone, including, significantly, President Bush, remarked) but also televised. It was televised in all its unedited, uncut, unproduced, uninterpreted, uninterrupted garrulity, to all of those "households" with cable TV and C-Span, some 60 percent of the nation. That meant not only that Congress was at its best, but that it was seen in the best way to see it. (CNN may have won the first days of the war, but C-Span won the peace that preceded it.) In the unedited televising of whole sessions, without the terrible constraints of hype and time and commerce, one can discern a way that the new visual communication system can help, rather than harm, republican government. For Congress to be linked to the public in that way—by total exposure—instead of by soundbites, interviews in the hall, and third-person reports, meant that the public could genuinely be caught up in the debate itself, agreeing with some congresspersons, and disagreeing with others, joining in the argument, instead of being placed at an outsider's distance from the whole institution. And Congress on this occasion set the pitch for our shared national debate at a high level of seriousness and mutual respect.

In the second place, one does not yet discern much of a public inclination to turn the *collective* enemy (as distinguished from the individual leader) into a stereotyped object of hatred. Despite the FBI interviews, and the uneasiness and bad experiences of some Arab-Americans, there does not yet seem to be much public steam in any collective prejudice, either against our fellow citizens—Iraqi-Americans, or more generally Arab-Americans, or American Muslims—or against the citizens of the nation a long way from us in geography and culture against whom we



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are fighting. It helps, to be sure, with respect to potential stereotypes of Arabs, that many are fighting on "our" side; thus, again, social reality gives morality a boost. There certainly are heavy Arab stereotypes in popular culture; at the time of the oil crises of the seventies the swarthy sinister figure with flowing robes and a hooked nose was rather prominent, but he does not seem to have appeared so far in this war. So far there have not been any Japs or Gooks or Huns, any equivalent of the widespread mistreatment of people with German names, the eliminating of German from schools, or the refusal to eat sauerkraut (or to eat it as "victory cabbage") of World War I.

President Bush has certainly poured obloquy upon invective upon abuse on Saddam Hussein individually—far too much, as many have said. That must have a reverse-of-the-coin effect in the segments of the Arab world in which America inherits the hostility to the colonizing and arrogant West, and in which Saddam wants to be seen as Nasser, at least, if not Saladin; if he is so bad for the Great Satan, then he must be so good for us. We hear about numbers of newly born children among Palestinians in Jordan, and in Egypt, who have been given the name Saddam.

But on the other hand, President Bush has been careful to say explicitly that the Iraqi *people* are not our enemy. Perhaps the demonizing of Saddam has soaked up the passions that might have been spread. John Holliman of the original CNN Baghdad Three went out of his way in the "Larry King Live" interview immediately upon returning to give examples of extraordinary Iraqi generosity; one does not yet hear anything of an opposite tendency. Even that colorfully extravagant language of invective from Saddam, about the infidel invaders walking barefoot through sands flowing with rivers of their own blood in the mother of battles, and the like, which clearly comes from a radically different rhetorical culture than our own—certainly a different one from George Bush, with his extremely limited vocabulary and imaginative range—has not yet provoked much, as it were, rhetorical retaliation. Maybe reiterating brutal, brutal, brutal is our way of responding.

During World War II, the embarrassing anti-German and anti-German-American excesses of World War I were pretty much avoided, but in their place came not only the heavily racial stereotyping of the Japanese enemy but America's worst conduct ever on this point, the forcible relocation of our fellow citizens of Japanese ancestry, for no crime whatever. In a spectacular exhibit of paranoid nonreasoning at the outset of a war, General DeWitt ("A Jap is a Jap") argued that the fact that there had been no instances whatever of sabotage by Japanese-Americans was a "disturbing and *confirming* indication that such will occur"! We have now as a nation admitted our guilt on that point, and made such compensation as is possible at this late date, and perhaps we will not do anything quite as bad as that again. Throughout this war, and at its end, and as is probable as its consequences for years to come, this once rather innocent and isolated offshoot of European Christendom, the United States of America, will be deeply entangled in an ancient nation, and an ancient Arabic and Islamic civilization, with which we have had relatively little experience and of which we have relatively little knowledge. It is well that at this early point at least we do not seem to have wheeled into place any very deep-going collective stereotypes.

When late in World War II a correspondent wrote to George Orwell that although "the Hun has got to be beaten," he objected to the barbarous methods being used—saturation bombing—Orwell gave the striking response, that calling people, "Huns," was worse than bombing them. "We shall all be dead in less than a hundred years...," he wrote. "The truly evil thing is to act in such a way that peaceful life becomes impossible. War damages the fabric of civilization not by the destruction it causes...not even by the slaughter of human beings, but by stimulating hatred and dishonesty." Perhaps Orwell was a little too cavalier, for argumentative effect, about mere death and destruction, but his larger point was surely correct, and applies to us now. "By shooting at your enemy," he wrote, "you are not in the deepest sense wronging him. But by hating him, by inventing lies about him and bringing up your children to believe them, by clamoring for unjust peace terms that make further wars inevitable, you are striking not at one perishable generation but at humanity itself."

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

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THE GULF WAR

DOVES & HAWKS TOGETHER

AMERICAN JEWS, ISRAEL & THE WAR

Since the outbreak of the Gulf crisis, many Jews in America and Israel have found themselves isolated, lonely, out of sorts, and in bed with strange partners. Take the case of Rehavim Ze'evi. Ze'evi is a former Israeli general with the odd nickname of "Gandhi," bestowed on him years ago for his slight, bespectacled look. He is no pacifist, though. He was first elected to Israel's parliament in 1988 as head of a tiny party that seeks the mass "transfer" of Palestinians to nearby Arab states. His platform repels even hawks in Yitzhak Shamir's right-wing Likud party. Defense Minister Moshe Arens, considered Shamir's top ally, calls Ze'evi's ideas "beyond the pale."

In early February, as Iraqi Scud missiles were raining on Tel Aviv, Shamir wrapped up secret negotiations to bring Ze'evi into his cabinet. The deal outraged Israelis of every political hue, but it makes some sense. It brings Shamir's ruling coalition up from 64 to 66 seats in the 120-seat Knesset. That insures him against blackmail from any of the half-dozen tiny splinter groups in his shaky alliance.

In Israel, cynics were suggesting all manner of motives for the "Gandhi" putsch. Some said Shamir needs Ze'evi's military expertise, since most top ex-generals belong to the Labor opposition. Insiders said it was an arcane power grab launched by

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one Likud faction to freeze out another. One respected columnist suggested Shamir had won too much international acclaim lately, due to Iraqi bombardment and the government's measured response. "Shamir can't stand being an honored part of the international community," he wrote. "He had to do something to alienate world opinion."

More likely, Shamir was just doing his homework, preparing for the next phase of the never-ending Middle East crisis. Right now Washington and its allies are busy fighting Iraq. When that is done—in six weeks or six months—attention will return to Israel and the Palestinians. Shamir will have earned some credit in Washington because of his restraint in the face of Iraqi missiles. But he knows Egypt and Syria will have credit as well, and they will demand movement on the Palestinian issue. When that happens, Shamir will need to offer something resembling a concession. To prepare, he has to shore up his right flank. "It's better to have Gandhi on the inside spitting out than outside spitting in," said one Likud insider.

Whatever the reasons, the elevation of "Gandhi" has deepened a profound mood of depression sweeping Israel's liberal and dovish community since last fall and now spreading through the liberal wing of the American Jewish community. The right wing, both Israeli and American-Jewish, is happy to be part of George Bush's war coalition and hardly perturbed when pushed to its margin, since Jewish rightists rarely trust gentiles to begin with. Liberals, on the other hand, are depressed.

In Israel, the Left's depression started last March after the collapse of the six-year-old Labor-Likud unity government. The breakup was supposed to have ended with a Labor-led peace cabinet, but it boomeranged and resulted in a narrow Likud coalition. Frozen out since then, doves have watched the nation slip ever further away from them.

Still, they believed the public would someday come to them. After two years of Palestinian uprising and army repression, Israelis were weary of fighting and wanted to be rid of the Palestinians. Doves hoped this weariness could be translated into territorial partition and Palestinian self-rule—assuming Israelis came to trust the Palestinians' new policy of coexistence with Israel.

But on August 2, everything collapsed. When Iraqi tanks rolled into Kuwait, West Bank Palestinians took to the streets to cheer "Saddam the liberator." Many openly prayed he would make good on his threat to bomb Israel with poison gas—even though the gas might hit them, too. At that, most Israeli liberals threw up their hands in disgust. "There's no one to talk to anymore," declared one of Israel's most influential doves, parliamentarian Yossi Sarid.

To be sure, few Israelites were surprised by the Iraqi invasion. Israel had been facing an Iraq crisis ever since Saddam threatened last March to "burn half of Israel" with chemical weapons if Israel moved against his nuclear facilities. Through the spring his threats grew steadily more lurid. He vowed to lead a pan-Arab army to "liberate Jerusalem." He vowed not to rest until "Palestine was free." He threatened to strike at Israel for any attack on Iraq, by anyone.

When the Kuwait blitz began, most of Israel breathed a sigh of relief. We've been right all along, they believed, and now the rest of the world will finally understand "what kind of neighborhood we live in," as Arens told "Nightline."

Within hours after the August 2 invasion, however, Washington made it clear that Israel would not be allowed the pleasure of an "I-told-you-so." Far from seeking its advice, the administration ordered Israel to keep a low profile. Despite its military prowess, its vast intelligence—and its vaunted "strategic alliance" with Washington—Israel was not wanted in the anti-Iraq coalition. It would offend America's Arab allies.

The low-profile order came as a painful shock to hawk and dove alike. Israelis take it as an article of faith that they fight their own battles, not sit back and wait. For many, too, it was humiliating to be shooed out of the new international alliance against tyranny. Nonetheless, given little choice, Israel conceded.

Following hints from Washington, Jerusalem passed the same message along to the leadership of the American-Jewish community: No demonstrations, no letter-writing campaigns, no anti-Iraq outpouring. Individual Jews, like *New York Times* columnists William Safire and A.M. Rosenthal, might trumpet the war option. The community could not control them. What it could do was keep its official head down.

Ironically, it took only three weeks for the community to find itself blamed for doing exactly what it was not doing. In an August 26 appearance on CNN, the right-wing, syndicated columnist Pat Buchanan claimed that the "only two groups that are beating the drums for war in the Middle East" were Israel "and its amen corner in the United States."

Of course, it was not true. The main was booster was the Bush administration, viewed by Israel and the Jewish community as the most unfriendly administration since the 1950s. The Kuwaitis and Saudis, too, were spending millions on prowar public relations. But the anti-Semitic innuendo, not from the lunatic fringe but from a former White House aide, sent shock waves through American Jewry.

The Jewish community, moreover, was more divided than was apparent. While the conservative community leadership, and who knows how many followers, turned increasingly toward war, individual Jews were joining the antiwar movement. Liberal Jewish organizations were backing away from U.S. policy, whether Zionist groups like Americans for Progressive Israel or the staunchly left-wing New Jewish Agenda.

As to how the majority of America's 5.5 million Jews felt about the war, no one can say. In fact, nobody asked. Pollsters have probed the views of women, blacks, Southerners, but no one has polled Jews as such. In part, that is a function of cost, given the Jews' small numbers, wide dispersal, and ideological diversity. Still, Jewish opinion has been extracted in past surveys. Not on the Gulf.

Yet some things may be assumed. Certainly, the sudden emergence of a U.S.-led coalition against Israel's fiercest enemy meant

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a rare confluence of American and Israeli interests. It was, for many Jews, one of those moments when one's oft-tangled loyalties seem to shake out nicely into a consistent world view.

Certainly, most Jews were united in fearing for Israel's safety. Frequent studies have shown this to be a central feature in the American Jewish self-image. But while hawks said Saddam Hussein would threaten Israel as long as he retained power, many doves said the best way to stop him from attacking Israel was not to attack him. And for vast numbers of American Jews, Israel is just not a touchstone in judging U.S. policy.

On January 12 the House of Representatives voted 250-183 to authorize the use of military force in the Gulf; the 33 Jewish members split 18-15 against the measure. American public opinion shifted suddenly on January 16, when the war began. From a near-even split, America now backed the president by three-to-one. No one polled the Jews.

Anecdotally, though, it seems the greatest shift among Jews occurred on January 17, when the first Iraqi Scuds fell on Tel Aviv. Reports surfaced around the country of Jews who had been wavering or antiwar, but now suddenly found themselves in favor of "eliminating Saddam." Even Jewish peace groups that were part of antiwar coalitions backed away, with few exceptions. It may be that, pace Pat Buchanan, Jews are indeed nearly unanimous now.

For years most Jews believed themselves to be at home in America and protected from bigotry. Now many see themselves as under attack for their opinions. All over the country, Jewish doves say they have seen an unprecedented outpouring of anti-Israel and outright anti-Semitic sentiment in recent weeks. This combination of Iraqi Scuds and antiwar anti-Semitism appears to have had an incalculable impact on Jews of every persuasion. Synagogues around the country report record attendance. Thus, what appears to be Jewish near-unanimity may simply indicate that Jews are withdrawing among themselves—even if it means sharing a berth with the likes of "Gandhi."

J.J. GOLDBERG

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WORLD WATCH

J. Bryan Hehir

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF WAR

JUST BUT UNWISE

The public debate about the Persian Gulf war is filled with moral claims. George Bush has *declared* the war to be just, but this is the beginning of an argument not its necessary conclusion. The function of just-war categories, which the president explicitly used, is not primarily to legitimate the policy of states, but to limit their proclivity to reach for the weapons of war.

The extensive use of the just-war ethic is striking. This moral teaching is regularly declared to be moribund, but it keeps cropping up in our public life. In the Vietnam war people from all sides used its categories without necessarily knowing where they came from. In the 1980s the ethical arguments about discrimination and proportionality entered the nuclear debate with new power. Now the Persian Gulf policy has brought to the center of public attention the "standard case" of just-war analysis: can aggression be met today in a way that passes moral evaluation? In defending the Gulf war, the president invoked the right questions, but gave answers that have the ring of a stump speech. How should a more disciplined debate be framed?

The logic of the just-war case is strikingly simple. It begins with a *presumption* against the use of force and then admits the possibility of *justifiable exceptions* to the presumption. Justifiable exceptions must, by the force of moral reasoning, override the presumption. How is a justifiable exception identified? By asking three questions: why can force be used, for what purpose; when can it be used, under which conditions; and how is force to be used, by what means?

The public debate, going on since August, can be tested in terms of these three questions. The *why* or just-cause category surfaced first in August-September. I argued then and still believe that just cause can be identified in this case, but not all reasons put forth by the administration over the last six months qualify as just cause for this war. Resisting the Iraqi invasion across an internationally recognized border does qualify, as does the initial U.S. effort to deter aggression against Saudi Arabia. In my view the following qualify as *serious issues*, but not *just causes* for war: access to oil, preventing nuclear proliferation, establishing a balance of power in the Middle East, and Iraq's human rights record. All need to be addressed, but none justify going to war to accomplish these objectives.

After the November deployment of troops to the Gulf, the debate shifted from the *why* to the *when* question. Particularly for those who found some just cause, the question was whether the conditions existed to move from just cause to justified use of force—a second issue. Just cause by itself is not a sufficient reason to resort to force. In the moral argument about war, the *why* question is restrained by *when* questions. Crucial to the discussion (November to January) were the criteria of last resort and proportionality. I argued in these pages against resort to force because of the likelihood of a disproportionate war and the consequent need to

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honor last resort stringently. On January 17, if asked, I would have maintained that force should not be used.

Since war has begun, the *why* and *when* questions have produced three different positions from which to address U.S. policy. Some, like Michael Walzer, have produced a moral argument based on why and when that finds the use of force meeting both criteria. Unlike George Bush, Walzer has not only asked the moral questions but argued the moral case. Others, in both the Protestant and Catholic communities, have either not found grounds for either *why* or *when*, or have acknowledged just cause, found the *when* categories unmet, and, therefore, concluded that the enterprise of the war is unjust in principle. A third position, the one I would affirm, acknowledged just cause, sought to prevent the use of force through the *when* criteria, and now (after January 17) must confront whether the moral weight of the *when* arguments necessarily lead to the position declaring the war unjust in principle. I do not draw that conclusion; in spite of my *when* arguments of the autumn, I am not prepared to declare the entire war unjust purely and simply.

Why not? Two kinds of reasons: the weight of the *when* criteria and the consequences of declaring the war to be unjust in terms of *jus ad bellum*. First, the weight of the moral case: proportionality is by definition a consequentialist argument, always open to further debate; I had and have my ongoing doubts about the moral worth of war as the means to address Iraq, but I know that such a judgment, especially made a priori, as I did, is open to differing conclusions. Similarly, the judgment about last resort is by definition open to prudential calculations about what is possible, what is wise, and when have all efforts been exhausted. To quote Walzer against me: "You never really reach the point of last resort, because you can always call another conference." To close the argument far too quickly, my judgment is that it was right to press the *when* criteria, but I do not believe the moral weight of the case compels a judgment of unjust today. This assessment, based on intrinsic moral reasoning, is then reinforced by the consequence of judging a war "unjust in principle." The implications are twofold: the policy must be opposed and persons in the war effort should be encouraged to cease and desist, because they are involved in an immoral enterprise. Obviously cases exist when this dual judgment should be made. Given that I find some basis for just cause, and aware of the prudential and consequentialist character of my *when* arguments, I do not find the war "unjust" on *jus ad bellum* grounds. The justification I find for it is limited, conditioned by my dissatisfaction with the way last resort was pursued. In a sense I find myself concurring with Anthony Lewis's conclusion in the *New York Times*: just but unwise.

In any case, the argument now shifts to the *how* questions of evaluating the means of the conflict. The principles of discrimination and proportionality always take on major importance in an air war that is both highly technological and capable of going directly to another society's resources and population. The public saliency of the discrimination principle is attested to by the concern that official briefers show in demonstrating that both choice of targets and rules of engagement for pilots are designed not to hit civilians directly. I have seen nothing in the public record to dispute these two claims. But the argument does not end there; as the air war proceeds there are, in my view, reasons to criticize aspects of the bombing policy on proportionality grounds. Reports—not just from the Iraqi government—attest that civilian casualties are occurring in significant numbers. The facts need to be scrutinized, but they lead me to question whether continual strikes near civilian areas, particularly Baghdad, are proportionate. The same criticism can be raised about Basra but it is a harder case to make on proportionality grounds. In brief, I do not have evidence to indict the bombing policy on discrimination grounds. I do believe the policy should be both criticized and constrained on the (always debatable) proportionality grounds. Are repeated strikes near civilian centers really necessary for military objectives or are they now psychological punishment? Are the risks of civilian casualties now justified by the worth of targets being struck for the third or fourth time?

There are other aspects of proportionality that raise to the surface the tensions over choices of means.

1. Combatant vs. civilian casualties: There are very good reasons to try to avoid a ground war in Kuwait. The reasons are primarily the combatant casualties on both sides. Tank warfare and desert warfare promise a Bismarckian war of blood and iron. Hence the air war is the preferred tactic on several grounds. But two limits must be set: first, there can be no relaxing on the limit of not striking civilian centers directly; and second, even at Basra, where proportionality would tolerate unintended civilian deaths from attacks on legitimately targeted military objectives, the principle still imposes strict limits on the risks to be taken with civilian lives.

2. End the war and civilian casualties: In spite of differences on moral grounds, everyone wants the conflict over as quickly as possible. But this desire also can erode restraints on the means of war. The argument for "economizing violence"—the quickest end with the least aggregate number of deaths—can easily collapse the distinction of civilians and combatants.

3. Deterrence and reprisal: Saddam Hussein has already shown himself capable of breaching taboos built patiently over many years. He may well use chemical and biological warfare. As Leslie Gelb wrote in the *New York Times*, George Bush may be faced with the choice of retaliating in kind or maintaining "the moral high ground," at the cost of American lives. The debate here moves toward questions like responding in kind or upping the ante to tactical nuclear weapons. The moral case on means is about drawing lines, based either on the intrinsic nature of certain actions, or on more consequentialist grounds of proportionality and maintaining precedents that seek to keep war marginally rational. Big powers—especially those interested in creating "new orders"—must resume responsibilities that limit freedom of action in the name of shaping the rules by which all states live. The United States on both intrinsic and utilitarian grounds should resist any temptation to break the taboo of biological, chemical, and nuclear warfare.

At this stage of the war, my judgment is: just but unwise, and just only if the means meet the tests of discrimination and proportionality. The assessments must be continuous and the conclusions are inherently fragile.

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THE UNFINISHED BOY & HIS PAIN

RESCUING THE YOUNG HERO WITH PAT CONROY

DAVID TOOLAN

Pat Conroy no longer calls himself a Catholic—nor does he regret his exit from the fold. "I have never had a single day when I wished to be Catholic again," he has said. But Catholic antibodies run in his blood, feed his imagination, in much the same way that the palmetto groves, tidal creeks, and salt marshes of his boyhood Georgia and South Carolina low country do. As he testifies:

> I left the church but she has not left me. This seems to be the universal condition of ex-Catholics....I loved Gregorian chants, the sight of nuns at prayers on Good Friday, the Sanctus bells, the covered forms of saints during Lent, the drum roll of the Confiteor with all the sadness and elegance of a dead language filling the church and entering my bloodstream at the ear, and the sunburst of gold when the priest raised the monstrous chalice at the Consecration. I loved the ceremony, the adherence to tradition, the astonishing continuity of it all. The church equipped me with a limitless arsenal of metaphor. I have never recovered from the vividness of its imagery, from the daze of its language.

Never recovered indeed. Nor does he appear to want a complete cure. That "arsenal of metaphor" fortifies all his pages, and puts us on notice that the story is a passion narrative in which nothing less than a soul's loss or gain is at stake. Few signs of modernist anomie are to be found in Conroy country; nor is there any fancy postmodernist narrative fragmentation or sudden interruptions of the author telling you this is a fiction. His stylistic mentor is the flamboyant Thomas Wolfe. No minimalist he. Conroy doesn't hoard or save anything till later, but, as Annie Dillard advises, spends it all, right away, every time.

I hear that his next book will be on the Holocaust. But to date all of Conroy's hero-narrators have been Catholic, and in a Bible Belt milieu of red necks and scions of "old families," this makes them eccentric outsiders. Belonging does not come easily but must be earned by trial and ordeal. The stories, then, are romances in the medieval sense, adventure stories, tales of young knights errant braving the odds on the playing field, outwitting giants, rescuing damsels in distress, or taking on the lost causes of put-upon Jews and blacks. Dramatic high points come with moments of glory on the basketball court or football field—marvelously described—where the young athlete, till then a cipher in the crowd, acquires "a face, a name, and an identity." At the same time Conroy's heroes are firmly rooted in the ethos of the Southern tidewater of their birth, in their families, and in the peculiar traditions of their faith.

In a sense what these tales track is but a single life, one boy's rough rite of passage—through the betrayals of high school, college, first job, and marriage—to an adult ethic of honor and loyalty. It is not exactly everyman's story, for the hero is of a certain Appolonian type: intuitive, duty-bound, vacillating, his own worst critic, and given to either/or choices that will prove his courage or cowardice. Ambiguity is anathema. Unless he finds a proper enemy or an underdog to defend, energy and action fail him. If there is a spiritual path here—and there is—it is Percival's quest for the Grail, the way of the free-lance warrior/adventurer, which relies on the choice of worthy oppo-

DAVID TOOLAN, S.J., a *former associate editor at* Commonweal, *is an associate editor at* America.

David Toolan's critical essay on Pat Conroy is another in our series of articles on contemporary Catholic writers of fiction. We have asked our essayists to give an overview of the author's works, showing our readers where and how this writer locates the central human drama, the big questions, the religious crisis of our time. What does the Catholic sensibility of a Pat Conroy have to tell us about our common world, about the state of our souls? The most recently published article in the series was written by Paul Elie on Richard Bausch (November 9, 1990).

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nents; the hero must test the weight of his youthful idealism, his loyalties, loves, and hopes—his theological virtues—against various adversaries: a tyrannical father (*The Great Santini*), a conspiracy of military school bullies (*The Lords of Discipline*), institutionalized poverty and racism (*The Water Is Wide*), or the betrayals of his mother and his own heart (*The Prince of Tides*). Along the way he is aided by wisdom-figure sisters or respected male mentors, usually coaches or imaginative teachers of English or history. (Conroy's first, self-published book, *The Boo*, was a memoir of a tough but colorful college teacher.)

Books discussed in this article
The Water Is Wide, *Bantam, 1987, $4.95, 260 pp.*
The Great Santini, *Bantam, 1987, $5.95, 440 pp.*
The Lords of Discipline, *Bantam, 1982, $4.95, 498 pp.*
The Prince of Tides, *Bantam, 1987, $5.95, 664 pp.*

Undoubtedly, a large slice of Conroy's autobiography feeds into these stories. His first novel and in some ways my favorite, *The Water Is Wide*, is a *roman à clef*, a thinly disguised account of the author's year (1969) teaching eighteen impoverished black grammar school children, fifth through eighth grades, on Daufuskie Island (called Yamacraw in the book) off the South Carolina coast. (The film version, titled *Conrack*, starred Jon Voight.) *Water* tells what it was like (engrossing and harrowing) to teach children whom the twentieth century had passed by. Most of them had never left their island, didn't know what country they lived in, couldn't read or count, didn't know the Atlantic Ocean lay beside them, thought the Civil War was fought against the Germans and Japs, hadn't heard that JFK and Martin Luther King, Jr., were shot, and still believed the earth was the center of the universe.

Conroy's emerging educational philosophy: "Life was good, but it was hard; we would prepare to meet it head on, but we would enjoy the preparation." His descriptions of epic battles with school superintendents ("not evil men...just predictably mediocre"), and what he did with these pupils, exposing them to classical music and taking them to Washington, D.C., made me wish I'd had him as a teacher at that age. "I lacked diplomacy and would not compromise," he admits. "I could probably still be with the Yamacraw kids had I conquered my ego."

Unmistakably, one also hears the author's personal history in his next book, *The Great Santini*. The satire of CCD classes, notably the nuns' lectures on sex and how they made a boy feel—that the Prince of Darkness has staked a claim to his loins—obviously comes from one who has been there. And, as a nomadic military brat himself, Conroy surely knew young Ben's longing "for a sense of place, of belonging, and of permanence...[and] friends whose faces did not change yearly." Indirectly in this novel, he began to tell his mother's story with the seemingly benign Lillian Meecham, "Santini's" wife, who sees only what she chooses to see and subtly reinforces the code of her tyrannical husband—whose prototype is clearly Colonel Donald Conroy, U.S.M.C. Ret. (both parents are heralded in the dedication as "grandest of fathers and Marine aviators" and "grandest of mothers and teachers"). This despite the fact that, in this as in the other novels, the young hero's childhood has been "one long march of fear."

The theme of the *The Great Santini* is courage. It presents a classic Oedipal struggle, the tale of a boy ("the son as challenger, the son as threat, the son as successor, the son as man") pitted against an overbearing, Marine pilot father—whose favorite book is the Baltimore Catechism and whose drill-sergeant theology runs to parody:

> Good Catholics make good soldiers, he thought. The soldier has to obey his commanding officer without questioning his orders. Same with Catholics. God's the commanding officer and the pope is His first sergeant. God tells the pope what He wants done and the pope lays down the law. The church is the structure wherein laws are administered. The church and the Pentagon are alike in that respect. I am Commanding Officer of [Squadron] 367. God is the C.O. of the universe. Both of us have similar responsibilities. O Lord, make me worthy of the squadron I command and please give me the chance to kill Castro.

We are not surprised to find that this father, Colonel Bull Meecham (affectionately known to the children as Godzilla, King Kong, or the Creature from the Black Lagoon), is an arrested adolescent whose message to his children is "Never enough!" and "If anyone gets in your way, you run him down....You are Marine kids and can chew nails." He is also an archetypal male chauvinist pig who beats his wife when drunk, and considers daughters valuable only as "fine pieces of tail for their husbands." His overweight, sometimes suicidal daughter Mary Anne is invisible to him. ("Can girls be real Meechams?" she asks. "Girls without jump shots?"—the answer is no.) Bull has eyes only for his eldest son Ben, whom he has fully programmed to "drive out the softness" in him, his mother's legacy, and teach him the "killer instinct." It is clear, at least well through this novel, why "good soldier" Ben, early in his childhood, lost faith in authority. All of Conroy's heroes, indeed, exhibit an exquisite sense of injustice, of the potential abuse of authority—and a reluctance to assume it themselves.

To become his own man—which means only one thing, he thinks, to become his mother's "gentle" defender—Ben has to overcome his fear of the law, his "elaborately structured sense of self-preservation," and learn to fight his father, say no to him—in matters more important than beating him in one-on-one basketball. And finally (since the mother, like Wagner's Fricka in the *Ring*, upholds the union of church and state), he must learn to respect and forgive his father. Forgiveness, a recognition of a coincidence of opposites ("I hate you, I hate you" meaning the reverse), is somehow a standard Conroy finale. Yet the ending here is melodramatic and doesn't quite work.

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(Though Hollywood loved it, with Robert Duval playing the title role.) To be sure, it's hard to bear a permanent grudge against a father who rescues you from the town bully or gets up on the roof on Christmas Eve, even when his kids are teenagers, and pretends to be a reindeer! Yet the real issue is that Ben, though he can defy his father on someone else's behalf, cannot express anger or act on his own behalf. And that issue is left unresolved and barely touched, except by the wise sister—who sees that her brother's "piety," his cooperation with his *mother's* programming, can hurt more than their father's temper.

The next novel, *Lords of Discipline*, focuses on the meaning of honor. It celebrates the wonder of male bonding, a boy's first love (she, an upper-crust damsel in distress, shamelessly jilts him), and his enduring affection for the most beautiful of Southern cities. It draws on Conroy's experience of plebe hazing and "four years of fear" as a cadet at The Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina, from which he graduated in 1967. The widowed mother here—who belongs to "that taloned species who speak with restrained and self-effacing drawls...and rule their families with a secret pact of steel"—has sent her son off to a paranoid's delight, the kind of place where catastrophic expectation is foreordained. The young hero, Will McLean, takes on the role of protector of the school's first black student, and consequently finds himself up against the "refrigerated intelligence" and ego (it would "fit snugly in the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome") of the college president, General Bentley Durrell, and his sadistic cadet minions, a kind of secret Ku Klux Klan within what is called the South Carolina Military Institute. We all wish we had foes as coldly monstrous.

> At first [says Will McLean], I thought I had wasted my college years, but I was wrong. The Institute was the most valuable experience I have ever had or will have. I believe it did bring me to manhood: the Institute taught me about the kind of man I did not want to be. Through rigorous hardness, I became soft and learned to trust that softness.... I want you to understand why I hate the school with all my power and passion. Then I want you to forgive me for loving the school.

We do understand: The endurance of male friendships under adversity. And that opposition makes him feel alive, checks his grandiosity, gives coherence and weight to the mercurial dreamer, the eternal youth in him.

In a school full of cracker patriots, Will has a "negative attitude," is a guilty, knee-jerk liberal, and opposed to the war in Vietnam. Thanks to his violent father, he admits, "Rebellion came naturally to me. It is the tyrant's most valuable gift." But underneath his bravado and defensive sarcasm lies the self-doubter's inevitable "Yes, but...." In retrospect, Will senses something phony, compulsive, in his outlaw's rescuing operations. "I felt I had a power," the boy almost shouts, "I could put myself in the place of others and ask myself how I would feel if I were in their place." He does have that power. But he does not quite see the ocean of fear he swims in, only the cost of his disobedience. Having habituated himself to suspect the motives of the authorities, whoever they are, he turns that suspicion against himself in the form of self-loathing. You might anticipate that young

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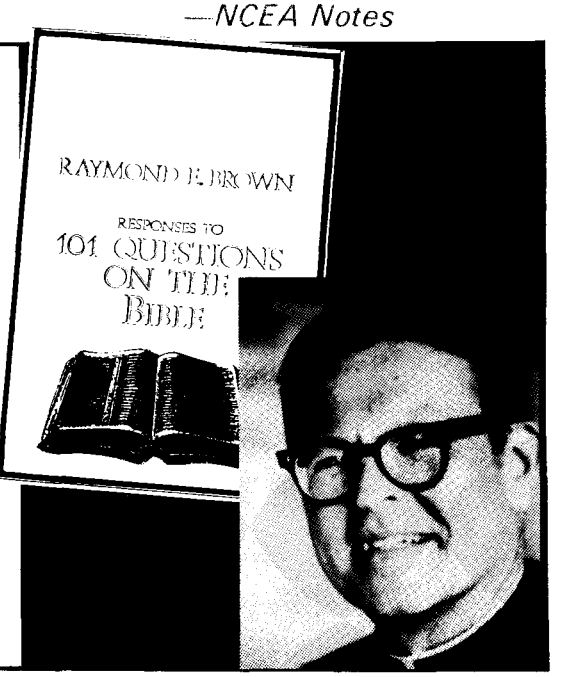

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Will, if he turned up in another Conroy novel, would be moving ahead by fits and starts, with the debris of unfinished projects all around him—unhorsed, swamped, plagued by doubts.

This is exactly the condition that Conroy faces in *The Prince of Tides* with Tom Wingo, who regales us with the saga of a "family with a fatal attraction to the extraordinary gesture."

"As a family we were instinctive, not thoughtful. We could not outsmart our adversaries but we could surprise them....We functioned best as connoisseurs of hazard and endangerment. We were not truly happy unless we were engaged in our own private war with the rest of the world."

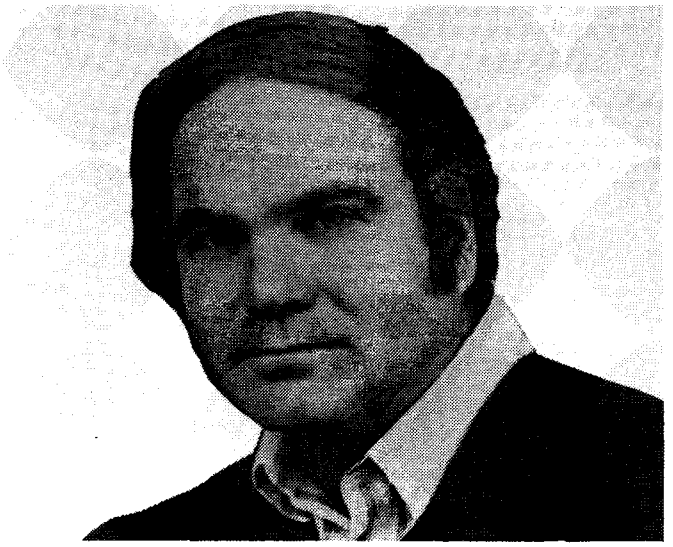
The line is familiar by now. The setting: South Carolina's barrier islands, whose magic beauty Conroy lets us smell and taste. The suicidal Mary Anne, sister of the hero Ben in *The Great Santini*, in a sense reappears here, more fully formed, as Savannah, the sister who has escaped to become a successful poet in New York (the South is death, she tells us, for women who don't choose to hide their intelligence). Her amnesia and schizophrenic collapse will propel her twin brother Tom to remember their troubled growing up at the hands of a violent but weak father and a powerful mother, Lila Wingo—whose character, here fully rounded, is shaped by Conroy's own mother, the woman he credits with having given him "the gift of tongues."

As Conroy explains in an *Atlanta Journal* article:

> My pretty mother had been hurt because she had been born poor. I never knew a woman who lusted so openly for gentility, for the grace and prestige of a family history she would never have. During her whole life, she burned to be what she could never be. So *Gone with the Wind* became the King James Version of her own reclamation and remaking of herself in the image of Scarlett O'Hara....When my mother married a Conroy, whose family originated in the Irish county of Roscommon, she thought she was being true to the spirit of her heroine O'Hara....I never saw the cunning strategies she employed...as she turned me into a Southern male with her seal of approval stamped along the high margins of the packaging. Nor did I notice the distinctive moment my mother began the long, curious process of turning me into a Southern writer who would tell my mother's story to the world.

"No Southern man will ever understand himself," he adds, "until he learns how the South cripples its women...." As she lay dying of leukemia in 1984, Conroy's mother asked him if he was writing about her, "to make me beautiful." He did.

He also made her a force to be reckoned with: a common shrimper's wife but also a superb gourmet cook, and a kind of Cumean Sybil who discerns the dreams of animals, wears many masks, and spins deadly webs. Lila Wingo's campaign to seduce a local land baron is worthy of a Douglas MacArthur. In time their collusion with bureaucrats from the Atomic Energy Commission will destroy the children's beloved island home and their town by the river. Papa goes to jail and Mama (divorced now) gets her mansion and phony pedigree, but her uncompromising, too-good-to-be-true son Luke, an ex-Green Beret who remains true to the quixotic Southern code of lost causes, will secede from the Union. A good-natured Rambo, more brawn and pure instinct than brain, he's the perfect athlete and martyr-for-a-cause that Conroy's central heroes are not.



The many anecdotal digressions make *The Prince of Tides* Conroy's most richly textured family saga to date. In fact, the diversions—various escapades of the siblings (like placing a dead loggerhead turtle in a local patrician's bed), grandmother Tolitha's funeral arrangements, grandfather Amos's water skiing stunts and Good Friday "way of the cross," and finally the riveting horror story of a giant rapist by the name of "Callinwolde" who twice terrorizes the family (the second time to his bloody regret)—are alone worth the price of admission. (The book will be on celluloid soon.) One has no trouble accepting the verdict of surviving Wingo brother and sister that "our life in the house by the river," however scarring, has been "relentlessly interesting"—and "somehow magnificent."

But there are really two main stories here, one of a damaging but magic childhood, the other of the adult narrator's odyssey in New York. When we first meet him, Tom is anything but happy. The theatrics of youth are over. He is thirty-five years old and grieving for his dead brother, out of work, "bushwhacked" by the women's liberation movement, "sick of being strong, supportive, wise, and kingly," and haunted by "the terrible knowledge that one day I would be an old man still waiting for my real life to start." His wife Sallie, whom he has put through medical school on his teacher/coach salary and is now making a hundred grand a year, doesn't need rescuing. Choosing sides, us *vs.* them, at this juncture doesn't work so neatly. It means dropping out, quitting—and as we learned in *Lords of Discipline*, that's forbidden. Real men don't quit. But if Tom is a sample, when on leave from a war they do close down, shut their Sallies out, and retreat into bitterness and self-pity. They become W.B. Yeats's "unfinished man with his pain, brought face-to-face with his own clumsiness."

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I never read Conroy without thinking of him as illustrating Ernest Becker's now classic rendition of the Oedipal struggle in *The Denial of Death* (1973). Becker's thesis was that the modern autonomous self—the grail of Conroy's young heroes—is a "vital lie," a denial of our creatureliness. Behind all the striving to become independent, a shaper of one's own destiny rather than a passive object of fate, Becker argued, lies the terror of death—symbolized by the engulfing world of mothers, vulnerable flesh, and the earthly. Fleeing death, we "partialize" ourselves, construct our own prisons. The emerging self typically strikes a bad bargain, building up character armor and trading off feeling, sensitivity, and wonder at the vast, numinous universe (the "softness" of Conroy's heroes) in return for an identification with some cultural project that falsely promises to guarantee one's own immortality.

Of course Conroy's men-in-the-making are unwilling to make this lethal trade-off—and the high drama of his books consists in the *non serviam*, "their great refusal to become the Man of Iron." "I am not Santini," cries Ben at the close of *Santini*. The last word in *Lords of Discipline*, as the hero Will McLean graduates, is his crediting "the system" for proving to him that "I was not one of them." But these refusniks do not know so well how to say yes. And we (and they) mistrust their daredevil bravado for what it conceals about their hearts.

In any case, come the cessation of hostilities, they do not seem any better off than (or different from) the grisly old despots they have defied—wounded, impotent Fisher Kings all. What emerges, as Ernest Becker claimed, is something right out of Kierkegaard: a dread-filled vacuum, the sickness unto death. Taken unawares, they are also thus poised for a leap of faith, at the threshold of what Becker called "legitimate foolishness." Which is just where we find Tom Wingo in this novel.

The free-lance adventurer, the man of action he thought he was—who is clearly differentiated in this book as Tom's naive, Silvester Stallone-like, and celibate brother Luke—has returned from the chase, settled into cooking perfect soufflés, and feels "tamed by mortgages, car payments, lesson plans, children, and a wife with more compelling dreams than my own....I have the soul of a collaborator. A Vichy government has set up headquarters in that soul." He is scourging himself for not being what his fanatic older brother was. He fears his own emptiness, vacuity, boredom, "the death-in-life of the middle class," and doesn't know who he is or what he wants. On top of all that, he sees his mother, whom he both admires and fears, in all the women he has ever slept with.

So the second story woven into *The Prince of Tides* is the one of Tom's comeback, his resurrection from the dead, and his acceptance of limits and ambiguity. The opportunity is provided by Susan Lowenstein, his sister's therapist. The contretemps provides Conroy fans with the usual outrageous entertainment (and includes a moving testimony to the vocation of coaching). The healing love affair with Susan represents new territory for the hero and the author, Conroy's first bid at portraying a mature sexual relationship.

That relationship, one is led to believe, would not have bloomed if a new man hadn't already been rising from the closed tomb of Tom's despair. The poet in him comes again to the surface, which for him means roots, his connection to a particular place, the "Southern part of me which is most quintessentially alive," that is both wound and anchorage.

In remembering the noble savage, his brother Luke, he recalls something else: that precious animal element, a certain call of the wild that is indistinguishable from the summons of the creator and is answered to in the gut.

The Prince of Tides reads like a hymn, a celebration of ties that no longer bind, or of Wallace Stevens's line that "The imperfect is our paradise." At the close Tom is still unemployed, still dreaming of the gorgeous "Lowenstein." But he seems to accept, however ambivalently, that he has no duty to pretend that he was made in the image of his martyred brother. Instead, he reowns the regenerative sea; it is part of him, runs in his blood. He will count on the constancy of returning tides. Reunited at the end with his ex-con father, his wife, and daughters, Tom Wingo does not break out into a warrior's song. He is off his horse, on foot—a prince still, but unguardedly human.

> I had come to this moment with my family safely around me and I prayed that they would always be safe and that I would be contented with what I had. I am Southern made and Southern broken, Lord, but I beseech you to let me keep what I have, Lord. I am teacher and coach. That is all and it is enough.

Don't be fooled. However lyrical he is at this point, this is still the prayer of a man who is sure he dwells in a fearfully *un*safe world. Unlike his brother who never once failed, he is not innocent. And if you want the theology that charts this sort of maturity, for this type of person, read Paul Tillich's *Courage to Be* again. Conroy's is the Catholic version, juiced by devils, angels, and a good deal more laughter.

Mary Rudbeck Stanko

Thoughts from a Rocking Horse

It would be interesting to live with an unlocked jaw, when truth would not be interpreted as treason. It is high time for the social malady to end, for every neighbor to unbuckle the bridle and spit out the bit, instead of cud-loving that metal rod in the mouth. What is said, these days, is slick and garbled, tongues working fast around a firm thing which carefully divides and directs each word. It can take years to get an honest statement from anyone, and even then such audacity is regretted, retracted, and swallowed hard. This vast and venerable world is a barnyard of corrals, stalls, stanchions, and tack rooms, the final resting place for fear which rides nowhere, the invisible tyrant fastened by a weathered strap to each withered will and unassertive brain.

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STAGE

WITHOUT A LIGHT

'NORMAL LIFE' & 'BRIGHT ROOM'

In Delmore Schwartz's most famous story, "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," the protagonist/narrator watches his parents courting as though they were on the screen and leaps from his seat, crying out, "Don't do it....Nothing good will come of it, only remorse, hatred, scandal, and two children whose characters are monstrous." So it is with marriage in Schwartz's stories—a desired state that is always a disappointment. And not marriage only. "Yet it's obvious that most human beings are going to be failures," says Jacob in "The World Is a Wedding," "...practically everyone is unhappy." Schwartz's stories are saved from being as depressing as the world they depict by his affection for his losers and a wryness, an irony that lets him see the comedy in the *tsuris*—even then the character is a version of the author. Still, his fiction is no place to go for a happy—or even a hopeful—ending.

Eric Brogger's *A Normal Life*, which I saw at the Philadelphia Drama Guild, grew out of his fascination with Schwartz and his characters. Brogger keeps some of the overriding unhappiness of his source, but his play is designed to end on a note of possibility. Bits and pieces of many Schwartz stories can be seen in *A Normal Life*—the screen scene, if not the shout, from "Dreams"—but it is primarily about the Hart family from "The Child Is the Meaning of This Life," with the addition of Jacob Baumann, the insurance man from *America! America!*, and a bookseller who gets his ideas if not his name from Jacob, including his interpretation of a Breughel painting as an illustration of the idea that "the world is a wedding." By limiting his play to a few months in 1932, Brogger can use the Depression as an exacerbating influence on the Hart dislocation, but he can also focus on an immediate event instead of following the Harts through two decades as "Child" does. The play ends with a wedding and revelation. Rebecca, who is given some of the desperation of Laura from "The World Is a Wedding," marries her dentist, a comic but substantial figure who has become a major character in the play as he never does in the story. Jasper, Rebecca's nephew, has an epiphany of some kind in his dead father's Pierce Arrow—the ghost of the much maligned man at his side—and is presumably ready to face the future for himself and his family.

Perhaps it would be better to come to *A Normal Life* without the original stories. In a Schwartz-free environment, the play can be seen as a sentimental comedy about Jewish life in New York during the 1930s, peopled by stereotypes and punctuated by conventional bits—invented by Brogger—like the fourteen-year-old Jasper's having sex with an older woman and the rescue of the bad son, Seymour, from a threatening gambler by Baumann and the dentist. Although there were some effective performances—notably, Jeanne Paulsen's Rebecca—there is a synthetic quality to play and production alike.

The ghosts who wander through *A Normal Life* are dramaturgical tools of doubtful value, but the one in *A Bright Room Called Day* is central to Tony Kushner's more ambitious play. The first version of *Bright Room* was produced in 1985; the most recent has just closed at the Public Theater. In an interview in *TheaterWeek* (January 14-20, 1991), Kushner explained that "there's a space, a revolutionary space" in which the status quo disintegrates and a struggle for control takes place, one that often politicizes ordinary people. "That's what the play is about, that's what a 'bright room called day' is." There are two spaces here—Berlin in 1932-33, America in 1990. Kushner calls his 1930s scenes a "well-made, little four-wall drama," but a play that conjures the devil and lets Marion Seldes, as a symbolic figure in a nightie, crawl in and out the window, is not well-made in the usual sense of the phrase. Well-made or not, these scenes concern a group of five friends ineffectively fighting the rise of Hitler, who, one by one, escape into exile. All but Agnes, that is, a follower who is unwilling to run away but who can only succumb to passivity.

It is into Agnes's apartment that Zillah Katz (impressively played by Reno, the aggressive stand-up comedian) comes in 1990, an exile from Reagan-Bush America, which she equates with Agnes's Germany. Kushner, not completely convincingly, says the equation is Zillah's, not his. She is in search of revelation from the past, and it presumably comes when the ghostly presence of Agnes appears in the room, sensed—perhaps seen—by Zillah. She dismisses her German lover and prepares to return to America, leaving the apartment to the ghost of Agnes. "It's a kind of reverse exile," Kushner says, "a decision to re-engage." There is a problem with the ending, however, for the German story is about the defeat of the Left, whether it stays like Agnes or goes like her friends, and it is unclear whether Agnes is a lesson or a promise. Zillah as a character and Reno as a performer have so much force—compared to the beautifully realized inconclusiveness of Frances Conroy's Agnes—that Zillah may be able to reject both exile and inaction at home. Still, the power of dramatic analogy is great, and one wonders if the political outspokenness of Zillah is likely to be any more effective than the gestures—the posters, the meetings—that Agnes and her friends used. *A Bright Room Called Day* came across to me as a more despairing play than it probably intended to be.

At the end of "The Child Is the Meaning of This Life," the grown-up Jasper, having promised his dying grandmother that he will marry and give her a great-grandchild, is stopped outside the hospital by a man with an unlit cigar. He responds to the man's question with, "No, I have no light." Perhaps that could be an epigraph for both *A Normal Life* and *A Bright Room Called Day*.

GERALD WEALES

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LESS THAN EPIC

'GODFATHER III'

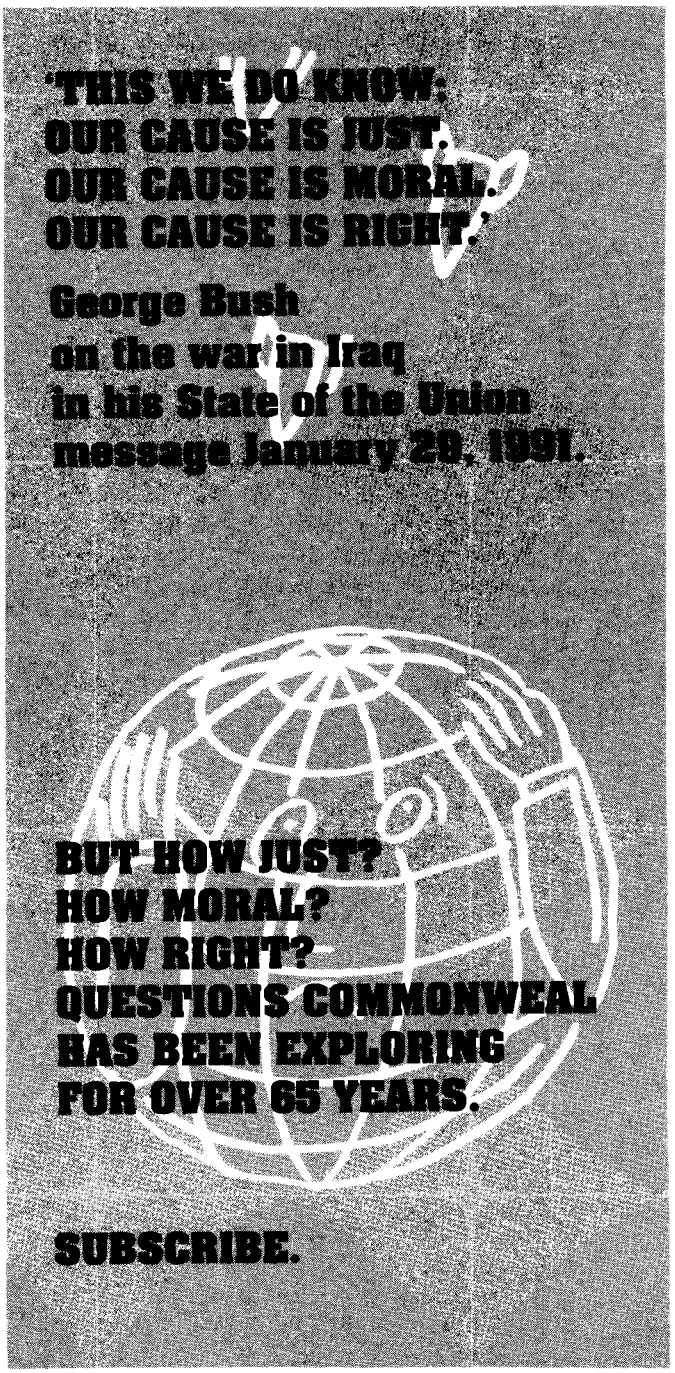
It's depressing to watch a film about aridity that is itself arid. In *The Godfather: Part III,* the aging Michael Corleone is withering. But so is the inspiration of his creators. This is an expensive movie, a long movie. But in its emotional range, this is a narrow movie.

Only in the opening scenes is this contraction meaningful. Having received an honorary title from the Catholic church in return for charitable contributions, Michael, hunched by guilt and exhaustion, attends a postinvestiture party. All the *Godfather* films begin with a family celebration. And just as the gala wedding of part one presaged full-bodied melodrama, and the metallic gaiety of part two's Nevada blowout set the stage for cold-blooded maneuvering, this party registers the Corleone situation of 1979. It is a ghastly affair. Many of the guests don't even recognize one another since several aren't relatives but businessmen-couriers of Michael's far-flung empire. Michael's sister Connie, now a hard-edged gangster-dowager, tries to pump some life into things by trotting out old-timers to sing Sicilian numbers, but a sneering thug, Joey Zasa, puts the damper on that with his braying mockery.

As in the earlier films, the Don holds council in a nearby room as the party goes on. But while Brando settled accounts with the amiable finality of a *grand seigneur* and the young Pacino of part two dealt with crooked senators with dispatch, the aging Michael must now, to his own distaste, try to end a seemingly petty feud between his hot-headed nephew, Vincent, and the odious Zasa. But he can't even do it. As the two young hoods embrace at Michael's request, Zasa whispers an insult and Vinnie bites off half of Zasa's ear.

This opening sequence sets a tone of impotence, gloom, dangerous restlessness, and power unenjoyed that is quite appropriate for this stage of the *Godfather* saga. Cinematographer Gordon Willis superbly contributes colors that recall the looks of the two predecessors, but now we seem to be looking at the familiar blacks and browns through a sickly wash. When Michael leans back in his armchair-throne, Willis makes all of Pacino disappear into shadow except his hands. It's as if we were being told that only Michael's hands remain in the world. The personality is receding, the brain is exhausted, the diabetic body longs for death. But the hands still beckon, consign, condemn. Michael's power is outliving Michael. One longs for director Francis Ford Coppola and screenwriter Mario Puzo to come up with a story that can fulfill this great image.

What they come up with is a story outline of sufficient solidity. Michael, attempting to climb out of his pit of despair by trying to wrest one of the church's corporations from the crooked financiers who have ruined it, is battled by the financiers and by another mafia don. Michael resorts to violence and once again



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brings suffering and death to his immediate family. But this scenario remains an outline that never gets filled in. Gluey writing, muzzy direction, and a surprising number of ineffective performances render *Godfather III* an unfulfilled promise.

There are too many gaps in the story. Vinnie is taken into the Don's retinue on a probationary basis. He is a hothead who must learn caution and cunning. By the end of the movie, Michael has appointed Vinnie his successor. Why? The only times we have seen Vinnie in deadly action were when he struck without Michael's permission. Where are the scenes that demonstrate that the young mafioso has acquired the cool calculation of a don? Worse yet is the vagueness of Michael's conflict with the corporation crooks. We know that Michael, having already legitimized most of his empire, wants to acquire the church business legally and cleanse it of its current administrative corruption. So why doesn't Michael, who presumably has the low-down on every crook in the Western world, simply expose the fraudulence of his enemies? Instead, he has the financial sharks murdered. Why? The only reason seems to be to provide part three with the obligatory concluding blood bath.

Much of the bloodletting throughout the film is unconvincing. In a room ripped by machine gun fire, Vinnie guides his uncle to safety. There's nowhere to hide, nothing to use as a shield, and on every side of Vinnie mafiosi are being perforated. How do our heroes survive? Beats me. Apparently the problem beat Coppola as well. He simply jumps to the next scene showing the pair scrambling into a getaway car. A B-movie director of the forties wouldn't have descended to such a shortcut.

Coppola's direction also lags in the scenes of conversation. Many of the camera angles don't elucidate the dialogue, and the cutting is often furtive. He has lost his sense of scene-to-scene rhythm, too: one long, hushed, pause-filled scene between Corleone and a cardinal is followed by another plodding, hushed, pause-filled scene between Corleone and his sister.

In this picture, Michael's enemies are colorless. Perhaps the best ingredient of parts one and two was their juicy villainy. Here, the financiers are simply products of the make-up and wardrobe departments: grey men in expensive suits. Their roles aren't adequately written and there are no opportunities for the actors. Eli Wallach as the conniving don is obviously the actor Coppola was relying on to provide the color that Lee Strasberg and others brought to the earlier films. But Wallach's acting is excruciating: a collection of hand-me-down Italianate gestures from a hundred other gangster movies.

Which brings us to the other actors. Very few of them score. Andy Garcia as Vinnie is effective in quiet moments but his explosions didn't shake me. Joe Mantegna brings his usual magnetic sleaziness to Zasa, but he never finds the core of the role. His voice lacks the color and edge he gave to David Mamet's dialogue in *House of Games*. Diane Keaton appears again as Kay and that's the problem. She simply appears. Two of the best young American actors are wasted: Bridget Fonda is vividly sexy as a reporter, a role which only exists to complicate a standoff between Garcia and two thugs; John Savage wanders on and off the set dressed in a cassock as lawyer Tom Hagen's son. A pretty face plays Michael's son and a prettier one plays his daughter. The latter belongs to Sofia Coppola. I'm not prepared to say she's an actress but I found her an endearing camera object. And why complain of nepotism when Coppola's sister, Talia Shire, gives the film's best performance as Michael's sister? A Borgia woman transported to the twentieth century, she radiates more darkling power than any of the gun-toting males in the cast.

Finally, decisively, Pacino. His performance seems to issue from that corner of the actor's talent that produces striking cartoons like his Big Boy in *Dick Tracy* rather than the "human" work in *Dog Day Afternoon* or the other *Godfather* films. This Michael is a near-hunchback lightly coated with white dust. His eyes resemble those of a whipped, pleading spaniel. His voice bleats. This apparition works marvelously in the initial scenes to change our perception of Michael. Here is a monster who is tired of being a monster. In him, exhaustion is engendering the yearning for redemption. If Pacino had managed to give this veneer of grotesque pathos a substratum of danger, his characterization might have brought the movie a sustaining charge. But the veneer turns out to be the whole performance.

Will there be more *Godfathers*? Quite possibly, and some of them may even be good, the way better episodes of a TV series are good: good enough only to keep us waiting for subsequent episodes, interesting fragments, not self-sustaining wholes. The first two *Godfather* movies were epic. *Godfather III* feels like the first unit on a new assembly line. RICHARD ALLEVA

MEDIA

NINTENDO FROM HELL

THE GULF WAR ON THE TUBE

When I heard about the first air strikes against Baghdad, I was trying to learn how to play Dungeons and Dragons from some students of mine in the university pub (my character—try not to be surprised—is a chaotic neutral gnome thief). A friend rushed up, told us what was happening, and we all moved to the big TV screen next to the beer and pizza counter, abandoning our board game for what seems more and more, as day follows day, the Nintendo from Hell.

That war, in this more than any other century, is a media event, is of course a resounding cliché: since, in this century, information travels at a *normal* speed of 186,000 miles per second, it's difficult to say what is *not* a media event. (Super Bowl Sunday went on as planned—Americans "need a break," and to hell with Scuds in Tel Aviv.) My parents' generation still remembers listening to the radio on the morning of December 7, 1941; I remember nightly coverage of the Tet offensive. But *this* war is altogether new. This one, through a combination of high tech and administrative manipulation of high brilliance and cynicism, seems almost to have broken the "Light Barrier," as if the information

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they want you to get is traveling faster than the events themselves. It's eerie and scary.

Many people have said, with the unmistakable force of true witness, that this war at this time is wrong. They include Pope John Paul II, Coretta Scott King, U.S. senators and congressmen, and the two hundred students with whom I was arrested for civil disobedience on the night of January 15, 1991. And yet TV coverage of the blitz, especially during the first four or five days, seemed almost ascetic in its concentration upon the intricate splendors of the murderous hardware and software we had unleashed. By midday on the seventeenth, in fact, so erotically triumphant were the reports of the destruction that the Pentagon itself—sole source of such information, this time around—felt constrained to issue a cautionary statement to the news anchorfolk, saying, in effect, cool it: we're kicking ass (in the president's less-than-Lincolnesque phrase), but we're not sure how much.

It was quite a moment. Somewhere on the other side of the world—but enough time zones away that the "instantaneous" reporting took on a weird, time loop unreality—real explosives were playing hell with real people. But we were seeing the PG-13 version, set up—and set up with no sense of embarrassment—by the administration for instantaneous transmission to Peter Jennings for instantaneous transmission to—well, to you. And if the military reporters—cancel that, let's call them what they are—if the military *narrators* of the war decided, around noon of the seventeenth, to ease down on the gratification lever and lean a little on the anxiety lever: well, hey, no need to be subtle about it, it's TV and people *expect* the Tube to push them around.

That's what I meant by calling the war the Nintendo from Hell. As in "Centipede" or "Space Invaders," the "enemy" is not really human; not even, as in all previous wars, a grotesque caricature of the human. The enemy is a blip on a screen; or the ghostly track of a laser-guided rocket videotaped from the nose of a fighter, gliding with superhuman precision between the doors of a launcher. Or a command post. Or, maybe, a mosque? No matter: the imagery tells us all that it's really Luke using the Force against the Deathstar. This is the first true computerized war, we kept hearing in the early hours. And the first true computer-generated coverage, to boot.

To be sure, the sloppy and smelly human keeps breaking in on the bliss of the arcade game. Missiles land in Israel and in Saudi Arabia. Americans are taken prisoners of war and shown on TV (make no mistake: the Other Side is no less media-corrupt than we in all this). And in a Pentagon briefing on Day Four a general admits that an "80 percent success rate" in our air strikes means that 80 percent of our planes *released* their bombs. The sloppy and smelly human, in fact, is likely to intrude a lot more as this adventure continues. But, at least up to this point, thanks to extreme inhibition of on-site reporting by qualified journalists, a massive input of optimistic noninformation by the military, and a really heroic arrogance about the passivity of the TV viewer on the part of the administration, the "human" in this whole thing has been kept to a comfortable minimum. It may be unfair, after all, to compare George Bush to Abraham Lincoln. It may be that his special talent and his proper arena is the world of television production. In that context, at least, he scores almost

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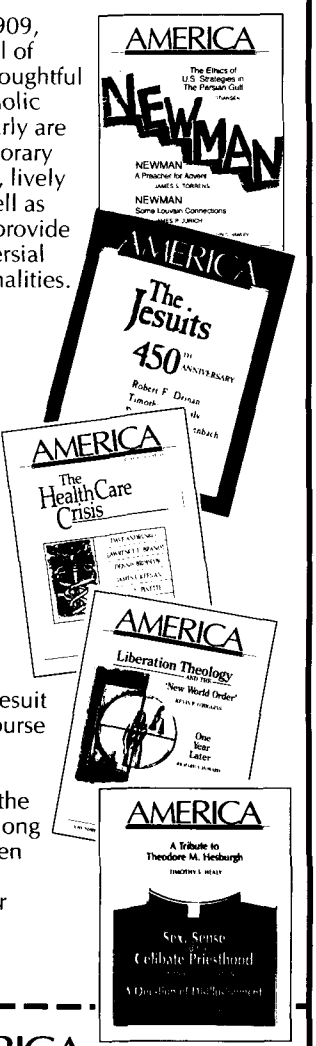

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as high as TV programming guru Fred Silverman.

But maybe not, one thinks and hopes, for long. The wonderfully wise Ellen Goodman wrote, a week before the war, about the TV-style, slow-motion *numbness* of this whole catastrophe. We all watched in coma-like horror, she remarks, as George Bush, Saddam Hussein, James Baker, and the rest of the band issued their TV-friendly statements in their TV-friendly suits about the impending possibility of the loathsome. But implicit in what Goodman says is something I've been saying and believing since I started writing these pieces: we are not as dumb as the TV thinks we are. We are not a nation of mindless stimulus-response mechanisms who can *for long* be mass-manipulated by the Tube, just because we *know* it's the Tube. To paraphrase Ed Murrow, who believed passionately in the truth of the media as a *hope* and in the benevolence of an informed society, we are not fools nor are we descended from foolish men.

Soon—probably before this appears in print—the body-bags will start coming home. But already many of us know that this is not right, and that part and parcel of its deep unrighteousness is its cynical and insulting attempt to make this literally *awful* business into nothing more than a mini-series. The peace demonstrations will continue and grow—and be more and more reported—just because it is the nature of information, even or especially at light-speed, to get out.

The president was wiser than he knew when, a month ago, he promised that this war—he had already, of course, decided to inflict it—would not be "another Vietnam." It will not be another Vietnam because we have become sophisticated enough as a nation of viewers to recognize, and even condemn, distortion and prevarication when we see it. This is, in fact, probably the most initially unpopular war in our history just because it has been so blatantly media-nice-nellied from the beginning. They may not realize it in the Pentagon, but we have come a way since the Tet offensive. We know—God help us, but this is the cutting edge of our humanity—we know that the blips on the screen are human lives. They can't take that away from us now.

Take it from a chaotic neutral gnome thief: "No Blood for Image" is the slogan that will, on this grim path, preserve our sense and sensibility of honor. FRANK McCONNELL

BOOKS

Misreading the facts about families

BRAVE NEW FAMILIES
Stories of Domestic Upheaval in Late Twentieth-Century America
Judith Stacey
Basic Books, $22.95, 321 pp.

Christopher Lasch

Judith Stacey wants to convince us that feminism is not a movement of upper-middle-class women alone and that working-class women, indeed, are the "genuine postmodern family pioneers." The "diversity and the innovative character of many working-class kin relationships"—the prevalence of extended families, blended families, and single-parent households—belie the "Archie Bunker" stereotype, according to Stacey. Wrongly condemned (or celebrated) as "profamily reactionaries," working-class women have shouldered the "burdens of freedom" and begun to devise "creative strategies" for dealing with the collapse of the nuclear family. Even if they do not always identify themselves as feminists, they have absorbed feminist ideas and are experimenting with "alternative models of femininity." Their success in "actively remaking family life" should reassure those who have been taken in by the "popular lament over family decline." The "modern" family may be declining (since it is no longer possible for most husbands to support a wife who stays at home with the children), but the "postmodern," "recombinant" family that is taking its place is a more democratic institution, far more deserving of our support.

On the face of it, Stacey's research does not lend much support to these cheery conclusions. Her resistance to the implications of her own evidence—her determination to rescue from the evidence support for the ideological preconceptions with which she began—is the real story here, more exciting than "stories of domestic upheaval." She studied two women in Silicon Valley, their families, and their friends. One of these women had to cope with divorce, a rocky second marriage, and three difficult children with marital troubles of their own. The other endured a whole series of calamities. Her violent marriage several times approached the point of collapse until it ended, after a reconciliation, in the untimely death of her husband. Her eldest son died in an auto crash; the youngest is a drug addict and dealer who has spent a good deal of time in jail. One of her three daughters attempted suicide after she discovered that her husband, a heavy drug-user, alcoholic, and part-time criminal by whom she had four children in rapid succession, was seeing another woman. She died of cancer in her twenties. Another daughter, a high school dropout, became an unwed mother at an early age, married and divorced another man who beat her (as her father had beaten her mother), and separated from her second husband—an amiable but lazy fellow (a "postfeminist man," in Stacey's euphemistic formulation) who was quite

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happy to stay home while she supported the family—when he tried to undermine her son's faith in God.

As Stacey writes, "most of the Lewisons lived hard, drove fast, spent impulsively, and partook liberally of high-risk diets, tobacco, alcohol, and often, drugs. Their leisure time preferences—gambling, flirting, racing, shooting—reflected and reinforced the provocative and ambivalent character of their relationship to social stability." In plain English, these people live on the edge. They exemplify, in exaggerated form, the impulsive and self-destructive tendencies that are always present in working-class life: an inability or refusal to plan ahead or save or hold a steady job; a fatalism that often seems to go hand-in-hand with a desperate need to tempt fate, to face it down; hot-tempered violence; ill-advised sexual attractions that dissolve in recriminations; and all the other habits that have always horrified middle-class observers of working-class culture.

People like the Lewisons find a steadying influence—insofar as they find anything to cling to at all—in the extended family (even though family connections are at the same time an endless source of conflict) and in the church. Both of the principal women in Stacey's book are fundamentalist Christians, as are many other members of both families. It says a great deal about the role of religion in these people's lives that the Lewisons left the Universal Temple of the Spirit, an unconventional, nondenominational sect, and returned to their Methodist congregation when the minister of the Universal Temple failed to show enough appreciation of the family's grief over the death of their son. The Lewisons look to the church for comfort, and they have no patience with churches that fail to provide it.

The exuberance and pathos of working-class culture, on the margins where the wish for respectability is repeatedly thwarted and finally almost extinguished both by circumstances and by reckless, willful invitations to disaster, is a familiar story, as is the mingled warmth and frustration experienced in the extended family. There is nothing strikingly "postmodern" about these families. Stacey herself, struggling for a formula, admits that "the diversity and complexity of postmodern family patterns rivals [*sic*] that characteristic of premodern kinship forms." But what is gained, then, by calling these patterns "postmodern," "postfeminist," or "postindustrial"? The last of these labels might at least have the merit of calling attention to the deindustrialization of America (as it is more fittingly referred to), which can be expected to add to the economic difficulties that force people to turn to extended families for mutual aid; but the others have no merit of any kind, as far as I can see.

Stacey's data show that working-class women, as always, have trouble holding their families together in times of economic hardship; that they have to contribute to the family's support and even, at times, to assume the full burden of that support; that their experiences with men are not likely to foster romantic illusions about the opposite sex; that they often express damning views of patriarchy which would be the envy of upper-middle-class feminists; that they find it difficult to assume the role of wifely submission (even though many of them covet that role); that they often seek emotional and material support from friends and relatives instead of expecting the nuclear family to provide for all their needs; and that they also seek such support, above all, in religion.

Only an ideology resistant to the unwelcome challenge of experience can find "democratic opportunity" in this unrelenting record of downward mobility, economic and emotional devastation, and domestic improvisation. On the most favorable reading of the evidence, it establishes the continuing importance of long-term, unconditional commitments—to God, to husbands or wives—in the efforts of hard-pressed people to assume responsibility for their lives. The same evidence reminds us, however—on a more unfavorable reading—that such commitments are harder than ever to sustain in a world full of economic uncertainty, drugs, and cynicism. The one reading the evidence cannot possibly support is that working-class women are pioneers of the "postmodern" family.

The ideology that sustains this bizarre "finding" rests on three assumptions. The first is that industrialism isolated the family from the world of work and forced women into the confining role of full-time housewives. This familiar view of the family's history underestimates the degree to which even middle-class women led active lives outside the family, long after the advent of industrialism, as volunteers in charitable, philanthropic, and religious organizations—in the case of working-class women, as wage-earners as well. It also underestimates the family's historic dependence on supporting networks of relatives, friends, and neighbors. The "isolated nuclear family" is a sociological abstraction that never had much empirical substance until the mass migration to the suburbs, after World War II, broke up the old support systems and made it possible for women to devote themselves, for a time, exclusively to domesticity. Working-class women, as Stacey herself recognizes, attained "this long-denied status" just as it was becoming unfashionable, and economic pressures, in any case, soon forced them back into the labor force. According to recent polls, most of them would prefer to stay at home; and it is questionable, therefore, whether the circumstances that oblige them to work for wages are experienced as liberating in their effects. Wage labor is hardly a recent innovation for working-class women, nor does it provide the only escape from full-time domesticity.

A second assumption, that feminism is the only source of self-respect in women, flows from the first. If the "cult of domesticity" required women to be clinging and submissive, the feminist movement that began in the sixties has finally taught women, presumably, to be strong and self-

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reliant. Quite apart from the difficulty that feminism itself has a long history, it is clearly absurd to suppose that earlier generations of women, because they did not have access to current insights into the "social construction of gender," deferred mindlessly to men or wore helplessness as a badge of honor. This libel on our mothers and grandmothers seems to derive largely from the media, which have given currency to an abstract image of the "traditional" family that finds little support in the historical record. Stacey notes that "the world's first generation of childhood television-viewers grew up, as I did, inundated by such weekly paeans to the male breadwinner nuclear household and modern family ideology as 'Father Knows Best,' 'Leave It to Beaver,' and 'Ozzie and Harriet.'" No doubt such programs helped to generate a certain "nostalgia" for a type of family life that never existed, as Stacey argues; but they also generated an equally ahistorical contempt for the benighted women in past times who could not grasp the essence of patriarchical oppression, alas, because they had no exposure to "gender studies."

Because Stacey assumes that profamily values are antifeminist by definition, she is repeatedly surprised to find evangelical Christians insisting, for example, that men and women are "equal with God" or that the husband's "headship" of the family does not entitle him to "rule over" his wife, as one of them puts it, but rather to "serve [her] with love and respect." Whenever Stacey encounters such opinions, she describes them as "surprisingly feminized, even protofeminist, doctrines." But "doctrines" have nothing to do with it. One does not have to be a feminist in order to admire strong women, to see through male pretensions of superiority, or to assume responsibility for one's own life.

One of the women interviewed by Stacey, citing pride in her mother as an important influence on her own desire for independence, says: "I don't really know what a feminist is, but I like to take charge of my life, try to be the best in whatever I'm doing. I don't know if that's a feminist or what." Stacey is sure that it is and is therefore puzzled to find that working-class "feminism" can coexist with a belief in the importance of "absolute commitment in marriage," in the words of another informant. For Stacey, such commitments can only be described as a "retreat" from the "arena of postmodern gender and family reform."

Religion, likewise, looks like a "retreat from rationalism and secularism," from Stacey's point of view. The third assumption that dominates and distorts her thinking is that religion interferes with a proper understanding of the world and perpetuates old patterns of domination and dependence. She quotes from her field notes: "I can understand the appeal of such beliefs, but I really can't comprehend how people actually believe this stuff. And on some deep level it depresses and disturbs me that they do." This at least has the virtue of honesty, but it shows a limited understanding even of the "appeal" of religion—its "seductive power," as she puts it elsewhere.

Religion is not just a refuge, a means of security in a troubled world. It is also a challenge to self-pity and despair—temptations common to all of us, but especially to those born into the wrong social class. Victims of social injustice find it easy to blame everything on systematic oppression—capitalism, patriarchy, racism, the "system" in general. There is value in this way of thinking, if it encourages cooperative resistance to exploitation; but it is also debilitating insofar as it serves merely as an excuse for disclaiming any responsibility for oneself.

Submission to God makes people less submissive in everyday life. It makes them less fearful but also less bitter and resentful, less inclined to make excuses for themselves. Modern social movements, on the other hand, tend to prey on resentment. They aim to make victims acutely aware of their victimization. They distrust any understanding that would seem to "blame the victim." In this way they discourage the assumption of personal responsibility; and then their adherents are "disturbed" and "depressed" when people turn to religion instead!

A GOOD PLACE TO HAVE COME FROM

WARRENPOINT
Denis Donoghue
Knopf, $9.95, 194 pp.

Elizabeth Shannon

I used to have an addiction to overloaded biographies; an author who couldn't bring himself to leave out one, single, boring, inconsequential fact was no problem for me. I made notes in my diary when volume two was due to be published. No detail was too trivial for my insatiety. A whole winter with Lytton Strachey didn't seem too much time to spend, or a summer with Madame de Stael. None of this was focused research, just curiosity gone wild.

I finally was able to confront my addiction as I was chewing my way through my seventh biography of Virginia Woolf, and came to a chapter which included verbatim notes she used to leave for her cleaning woman. "Wait a *minute*," a voice of reason said. "This will never do." I snapped the book shut and made a clean break. I search now for the small but perfect memoir from the author who can judge what is essential, even if the subject is as fascinating as he knows himself to be. Once in a great while I find such a book. *Warrenpoint* is one.

Denis Donoghue, the eminent literary critic who holds the Henry James Chair of English and American Literature at New York University, grew up in Warrenpoint, an austere little seaside town in County Down, on the edge of the Carlingford Lough. The lough cuts into the land from the Irish Sea, dividing Northern and Southern Ireland, and creating a political metaphor from its geography. On the southern side of the lough, soft, green hills of the Republic of Ireland rise gently from the edge of the water. Sheep graze on damp, spongy tufts of thick grass, smoke curls into the sky from the few cottages that sit sideways, leeward of the wind, on the

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I can spot a Protestant in the North of Ireland but not in the South...in the North, a Protestant walks with an air of possession and authority, regardless of his social class. He walks as if he owns the place, which indeed he does. A Catholic walks as if he were there on suffrance... if I saw [Captain Terence O'Neill, a former Protestant prime minister of Northern Ireland] walking along Royal Avenue in Belfast and didn't know him from Adam, I would know that he was a Protestant.

—Denis Donoghue
Warrenpoint

slopes; the familiar, homely, sight of rural Ireland.

On the other side of the lough, to the north, the taller, more impressive Mourne Mountains hunch their dark, rounded shoulders down towards the town, casting dark shadows in the sunlight. They are beautiful and mysterious. Warrenpoint sits between, with the dark, gray, icy lough a forbidding barrier that separates the two. The town is white-washed and neat, without a sign of the cheerful messiness of a south-of-Ireland village. On the surface, it seems quiet, peaceful, and well-ordered. But political terrorism has not left it untouched. On August 28, 1979, the Provisional Irish Republican Army blew up eighteen British soldiers by the side of the Carlingford Lough. The landmine was allegedly set off by the terrorists who were hiding across the lough in the Republic of Ireland.

Warrenpoint is not a straightforward account of boyhood or place, but rather a brief and fascinating journey without road-signs through the circuitous routes of Mr. Donoghue's memory, imagination, and formidable musical and literary references, a distillation of what it means to grow up Catholic in Northern Ireland, of what a father means to a son, of what the death of a sibling does to family life. The Donoghue family went to live in Warrenpoint in 1928 for the employment it offered to the elder Mr. Donoghue. They were Catholics from the south of Ireland. As such, they would always be strangers in Warrenpoint. But then, many Catholics who have lived forever in the North feel strangers. So do many Protestants.

If Mr. Donoghue's memories have a hero, it is his father, Sergeant Denis Donoghue of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, a stern, upright, fair, and unimaginative man who would not seem able to instill such fiercely loving loyalty, but in memory he gave his son "everything I needed." His mother appears in his book as a lesser figure, fragile and remote, a woman who suffered attacks resembling epilepsy, and had a hard time coping with the simplicities of her life. She was not a woman who stamped her children with her own imprint. Her son said of her: "She was neither stupid nor indifferent, but the implements she had to use—cloth, thread, meat, vegetables, the gas cooker, the stove—were invariably at odds with her need of them."

The author was educated by the Christian Brothers and describes their ethic in the education of young Catholic nationalists in an alien society: they were not encouraged to join the IRA or participate in violent acts but to "regard the history of Ireland as unfinished business."

"It was an embarrassment to the Christian Brothers that Davis, [Thomas Davis, the leader of the Young Ireland movement], like many of the great exponents of Irish nationalism, was a Protestant...but it was implied that, after the generation of Yeats and Synge and Lady Gregory—Protestants all, regrettably—the sentiments those writers expressed could be retained and transposed into Catholic terms."

Music is a dominant force in Mr. Donoghue's life, and his definition of music in the book is the best I've ever read: "Music is the art which gives a formal destiny...to feelings which are still free to postpone their dependence upon particular objects and events...."

The very word "Warrenpoint" has a resonance in my ear dating back from my earliest childhood family stories; my Irish great-great-grandparents emigrated from Warrenpoint as young adults. Like Mr. Donoghue's family, they were Catholics and did not see a bright and promising future for themselves and their children. Mr. Donoghue is unforgiving that the politics of Northern Ireland did not allow his father, a Catholic, to rise above the rank of sergeant. For many of us, then, and today, Warrenpoint is a better place to have come from than to be in. Nevertheless, it is the tragic complexity of Ireland, both North and South, which has tuned Mr. Donoghue's voice, and for that gift we are grateful.

WANTED: A DEMOCRATIC AGENDA

PLEDGING ALLEGIANCE
The Last Campaign of the Cold War
Sidney Blumenthal
HarperCollins, $22.95, 386 pp.

Wilson Carey McWilliams

The election of 1988 was a pretty depressing affair, fuel for the American public's raging disenchantment. Sidney Blumenthal's elegant account brings it all back, but with a decisive difference: while Blumenthal feels and evokes the old frustration and anger, he has humor enough to be at least half-amused by the campaign's too-frequent follies, and he sees the election of 1988 as a tale of missed opportunities, not a reason for disillusionment but a call for vision.

His basic thesis is that 1988 turned on the failure of political leaders to address the waning of the cold war—soon to turn from a whimper into a bang—waging instead a contest defined by the political past. In fact, Blumenthal argues, the relaxation of the cold war was the central event of the campaign. It enabled the Reagan administration to negotiate the INF treaty, largely salvaging Reagan's presidency from the wreckage of Iran-*contra*, and pro-

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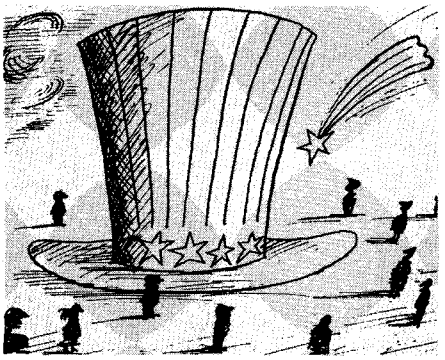
viding George Bush with the slogan and legacy of "peace through strength."

It also allowed Bush to run as a Reagan loyalist *and* as a man of moderation in foreign policy, able to make claims during GOP primaries on the party's right and center. Yet George Bush—habitually cautious, deferential to the Right, and anxious about his reputation for weakness—was not one to abandon cold-war orthodoxy, especially given its uses in the attack on liberalism. And Michael Dukakis, the inevitable Democratic nominee, once he emerged as the chief alternative to Jackson, was just as unadventurous, playing it safe in foreign policy and always on the defensive.

The candidates were political monochromats, framing a choice between the dismal and the dreary, tweedle-dum and tweedle-dumber. As Blumenthal indicates, both Bush and Dukakis regard politics as essentially administrative, the brokering of conflicts between rival interests, and hence more concerned with pacification than with justice. With Dukakis, this had a hard edge: paradoxically, there was an ideological quality, the echo of the 1950s, to his rejection of ideology, to his appeal to "competence," and to his rejection of "divisive" rhetoric. It stiffened his refusal to heed the critics of his campaign, making him, as Blumenthal says, "a man of technique who mostly spurned his technicians." Bush, of course, was at least as dismissive of "the vision thing, or whatever," but Bush enjoyed two great advantages of character: he understood loyalty, that towering political virtue, and he recognized his inadequacies as a candidate. He kept his friends and listened to his advisers, and in 1988, those modest excellences were enough.



Blumenthal's treatment of the nominees is only the most obvious example of his gift for political portraiture; with remarkable consistency, his depictions of political leaders are vivid and multidimensional. There are exceptions: Blumenthal detests Ed Koch so much that his description degenerates into caricature, as flat and clunky as a Hanna-Barbera cartoon. Similarly, his sympathy with Gary Hart's effort to develop "new ideas" for the post-industrial age lets him underplay the emptiness of much of the product; Mondale's derisive "Where's the beef?" was not directed at new ideas per se, as Blumenthal implies, but at Hart's failure to live up to his promise. In the end, however, Blumenthal's verdict on Hart—that, neither a lion nor a fox, he failed both of Machiavelli's tests of statecraft—is more shattering because of his soft-handedness. And Blumenthal's treatment of Jesse Jackson is matchless, especially in his observation that Jackson's "third-world" vision is part of the imagery of the cold war, locked into the political past.

Even so, with all his shrewdness, there is something cockeyed about Blumenthal's emphasis on foreign affairs. George Bush would not have been elected, cold war or no, if most Americans had not felt reasonably well off; the primacy of the domestic is the rule in democratic politics. Not that Blumenthal ignores such matters: he makes some perceptive comments about Bush and the "politics of insolvency," and he faults Dukakis's distaste for any "class angle" in speeches or advertising. Nevertheless, these are almost asides, and Blumenthal touches only lightly on the issues of class, inequality, and taxation as perceived by broadly middle-class Americans. In this terrain, the *Washington's Post's* Thomas Byrne Edsall, among others, is a better guide.

Moreover, Blumenthal is inclined to treat any worries about social and moral order—and hence, the problem of political community—as essentially epiphenomenal, part of the modern "politics of resentment" pioneered by Nixon and rooted in the cold war itself. He regrets Dukakis's treatment of crime, but chiefly because the governor failed to use the right trope—his painful, personal experience—to answer Republican charges. The best explanation of this slighting is probably that Blumenthal regards such social and moral anxieties as part of a sort of cultural lag, best addressed by moving America beyond the paradigm of postwar politics.

Yet Blumenthal's eagerness for the future is haunted by its own ghosts. Informed by revisionist readings of postwar history, he is not content to argue that the cold war is over; he is also attracted by the notion that it may have been unnecessary, as witness his evident hostility to "cold-war liberalism" and his monodimensional sketch of the history of the East-West conflict. Even if accurate—a matter for considerable discussion—such ventures into the past are dangerous and probably superfluous in practical politics, and Democrats have every reason to be wary, especially because, on the face of things, the end of the cold war is testimony to the success of containment, not its putative errors.

Blumenthal is surely right, however, that the Democrats need an agenda and a language appropriate to the new political world. The fear of the future was a cornerstone of the successful Republican strategy in 1988; making Dukakis seem chancy, it elevated Bush's drabness into a promise of the safely familiar. This is a scary world, after all, one likely to become more tumultuous while still filled with terrible possibilities. Blumenthal has no trouble making the case that it will take new ideas and alluring goals to persuade the public to embrace political risk, but it isn't always clear that Blumenthal sees that even attractive novelty is not enough. The new times call for leaders who can assure us of their ability to control new energies because, more than weather vanes, they are guided by things that endure.

REVIEWERS

CHRISTOPHER LASCH *teaches history at the University of Rochester. His most recent book is* The True and Only Heaven: Progress and Its Critics *(Norton).*

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ONE REPORTER'S NARRATIVE

THEN AND NOW
How the World Has Changed Since WWII
Tad Szulc
William Morrow and Co., Inc., $22.95, 515 pp.

Nicholas R. Clifford

If, as Gibbon and Voltaire both remarked, history is no more than a record of the crimes and follies of mankind, it is nothing to be proud of that the greatest crimes and the most disastrous follies have taken place in the twentieth century; and that they have taken place not in the name of politics or religion but in the name of science. This despite the promises of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century positivists that the outdated dogmas of religion would cease to plague us and the promise of Marx that nationalism, with its attendant dangers, would soon vanish. Admittedly, it has been bad science that has been responsible; today no one would defend the biological theories that gave us Auschwitz and Dachau, and few are still willing to defend the social science that gave us Stalin's planned Ukrainian famine of the 1930s and Mao's unplanned Chinese famine (probably the greatest in world history) of 1959-1961.

Such crimes and follies have helped to shape the world in which we live, and anyone reading the litany of abuses against human rights, of the tortures, murders, wars, famines, that comes near the end of Tad Szulc's book may be excused for thinking that they continue to shape it. But history is more than mere record; it is also an attempt to understand why human beings behave as they do, and it is also an attempt to broaden one's understanding of the human condition by transcending the parochial concerns of one's own society, one's own culture, and one's own times.

Szulc, who has been a distinguished reporter for the *New York Times*, and who has written widely about contemporary affairs, begins his book with the statement that "journalism is the first draft of history," and warns that although his work is cast in a historical framework, it is not to be read as a scholarly work of history. It is, rather, "a reporter's narrative" of the events through which he has lived (many of which he has himself witnessed), since the end of the Second World War. But there are troubles with this approach. In the first place, many of the events described — the onset of the cold war, the Marshall Plan, and so forth—are well beyond the point of needing a first draft; we already have many histories of them. Second, good journalism, like good history, is more than simply a record of events, whether they be crimes and follies, or works of virtue and enlightenment. Surely the two professions have much in common; if the journalist must often hurry to meet a deadline and cannot enjoy the luxury of the historian's reflection and access to sources, he nonetheless shares a desire to make sense of the world, of human behavior.

That demands a kind of organization which seems curiously lacking in this book. Organization does not mean forcing facts into categories invented by the writer, or into an ideology to which the writer may be attracted, but rather, on the basis of one's own experience, one's own knowledge of the world, allowing them to form their own patterns and then trying to understand those patterns. Granted, some phenomena simply will fit no pattern; the enormity of the Holocaust, for instance, transcends any simple formula like "anti-Semitism," or "social Darwinism," though it draws on both, and Stalinism and Maoism represent more than simply a Marxist approach to social engineering. But because it lacks this organization, Szulc's book has no particular thesis, and becomes too much simply a recitation of events put together in no particular order. What are the most significant ways in which the world has changed since 1945? Szulc points to the rise and fall of Marxism-Leninism, and his descriptions of the Soviet Union's assumption of control over Eastern Europe in the late 1940s and its loss of control in 1989 are among the strongest points of the book. He also mentions the development of technology that grew out of the war, and its impact on daily life; and decolonization, and the rise of the third world with its state of permanent crisis. But though he reverts to these phenomena from time to time, none of them really forms a theme to the book, a thesis which can be used to explain, or begin to explain, the changes that the world has undergone.

Moreover, Szulc's world is very much a Western world, in which Europe and America are the primary actors. There is a tendency to treat the non-Western world only when it impinges on the West (decolonization, the Korean and Vietnam wars, the dangers for the West that lurk in the sands of the Middle East, and so forth). Nixon's visit to Beijing, for example, gets four pages, while Mao's shattering cultural revolution is dismissed in two brief paragraphs. And though Japan is clearly a major player by the book's end, almost nothing is said of that country's extraordinary rise to power, nor of the role that America, through the occupation reforms, played in that rise.

If this is to be read simply as a reporter's narrative, then let us go all the way and ask Mr. Szulc instead to give us a reporter's memoirs. As one of the most respected journalists of his day, he not only lived through, but covered many of the events of which he writes and has met the men and women who formed them. Such an approach would give the book the organizing principle that this one lacks, and would make a fascinating work.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 114)

on the June 16 demonstration in Boston, protesting Cardinal Bernard Law's views, and the part in that protest of the American Association of University Women (AAUW). Having participated in that event as AAUW members, we feel we must clarify certain inaccuracies in the article, and lend a different perspective to activities which took place there.

Although the article focused only on the ACT-UP organization, the demonstration was sponsored by Reproductive Rights Network, ACT-UP/ Boston, and the Coalition for Gay and Lesbian Rights; AAUW is a member of the coalition. Endorsements came from a wider variety of organizations than one might think from the article; but the sheer numbers of protesters do not support the assertion that busloads of ACT-UP people were imported from New York for this event, and we suspect that this allegation is without foundation.

The demonstration was designed to protest "Cardinal Law's attempt to impose his religious doctrine onto our society through public policy" (from a letter by the sponsors requesting endorsements). Specifically, the letter mentioned Cardinal Law's views against AIDS education in public schools, denial of women's right to abortion, and active opposition to the gay civil rights law.

AAUW's public policy is at odds with the cardinal's views in all these areas. However, his views alone are not what prompted AAUW to endorse and participate in this protest. Certainly, the cardinal's religious affiliation was not considered as a factor in joining the demonstration. The motivating force behind AAUW's participation was the cardinal's *active* opposition to these issues of individual rights and public education/safety.

Cardinal Law has chosen not merely to follow his own religious beliefs, but he has taken an active political role in changing public policy—an attempt to deny other people their rights to follow their own beliefs (religious or otherwise), or to live safely and free from unjust discrimination. Cardinal Law is an authoritative religious figure. When he (or any powerful cleric) uses his authority to undertake an active role in shaping public policy issues, he must expect to be held accountable. In the same way, Rev. Jerry Falwell, the late Rabbi Meir Kahane, and others have met with protest when they have attempted to influence public policy by imposing religious views on an unwilling public....

We cannot attest to everything that went on at the rally, since we arrived a little late and, while there, did not witness everything that each individual may have done or said. We saw no "pelting" or throwing of condoms at priests, and did not hear the swearing chants to which Robert Dawson referred. Nor did we see any "simulated acts of anal and oral sex." True, members of ACT-UP distributed condoms, as they do at all rallies (to promote safe sex); but the condoms clearly were not used as a substitute for the Eucharist. Vanilla wafers were given out innocently and without sarcasm, but probably with eucharistic reference.

A few protestors wore symbolic robes and headdresses, as a statement to remind people that preserving the separation of church and state is paramount in a pluralistic society. When religious doctrine is used to restrain individual liberty rights, then the active proponents of that conduct open themselves to symbolic caricature in public protest.

To our knowledge, there was only one incident in which an individual approached a priest (the one who was walking with his mother). The individual engaged in a verbal encounter, and the police (not the protesters) surrounded the couple and escorted them away. This was not a planned activity of the demonstration, and certainly not one to which the AAUW members (or most of the protesters, for that matter) subscribed, despite the fact that we're not even sure what was said. Most of the activity consisted of controlled chants, walking around in oblong circles, then around the cathedral, speeches, and some street acting (lying down on the ground with chalk drawn around bodies to symbolize deaths from AIDS, homophobic hate crimes, and illegal abortions)....

Overall, we thought that the demonstration was peaceful, poignant, and well controlled. Quite possibly, the innocuous and predominantly uneventful nature of the demonstration—and not a lack of respect for Catholics—lay as the basis for fairly limited media attention or public outcry. In fact, that is our belief. If we thought that the target of the protest was the Catholic religion, then ours very well may have been among the voices raised in outrage against a religious injustice. But such was not the case.

SUSAN TETELMAN
HELEN SCHWICKRATH

The author replies:

Addressing first the particulars, I note:

(1) In the call for participants published in the June 10-16 *Gay Community News*, sixteen (and not fifteen, as I incorrectly counted them) organizations are listed as endorsing the protest. All but five of the organizations include a reference to gays and/or lesbians in their titles. Among the five is the American Association of University Women, which is listed separately and not simply as a member of the Coalition for Gay and Lesbian Rights. I do not see any evidence that the protest was endorsed by "a wider variety of organizations than one might think from the article."

(2) Since media estimates of the size of the demonstration range from three hundred to one thousand, I do not see how "the sheer number of protesters" excludes my point about the participation of New York members of ACT-UP.

(3) All the acts described in my article were mentioned in reports carried by the Boston print and electronic media. I based particular descriptions of two of them (simulated anal and oral sex, the abuses aimed at a newly ordained priest and his mother) on reports of priests who witnessed them. During the six weeks that passed before I submitted my text to *Commonweal*, no objections to the newspaper reports were published, and no one else has questioned the accuracy of my description of what happened. Unless words have lost all meaning, I cannot agree that "the demonstration was peaceful, poignant, and well-controlled," or of an "innocuous and predominantly uneventful nature."

More importantly, Ms. Tatelman and Ms. Schwickrath, as well as earlier correspondents, miss the point of my article.

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It was not to condemn the organization of a protest against Cardinal Law—I agree, as I suspect the Cardinal does, that such protests are to be expected—but that the protest took the form of a vilification of central elements of Catholic Christianity. Obscene parodies of the Sermon on the Mount and of the Eucharist strike at the heart of Christian faith in Jesus Christ and at the most central act of Catholic worship. This was far more than "a lack of respect for Catholics"; it was the equivalent of a profanation of the Torah or a desecration of Mecca.

My article described the incident as another illustration of the degeneration of public conversation in our country today and expressed wonder that while a "revulsion threshold" has been reached when language and symbolic acts offend other minorities, this does not yet seem to benefit Catholics when similarly assaulted. I was not complaining that the event received "limited media attention"—in fact, it was widely covered—but that there was no public outcry.

I singled out the endorsement of the protest by the American Association of University Women because one would like to think that such a group might have a certain interest in civil and reasonable discourse to resolve matters of public disagreement. After last year's invasion of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the AAUW cannot have been ignorant of the tactics employed by ACT-UP, which other critics have not hesitated to associate with brown shirts and gangsterism. It remains a mystery to me why any university-related organization would wish to be linked with them.

Finally, if members of the AAUW want effectively to challenge the efforts of Catholic prelates to influence public policy, they might first display greater discrimination in political analysis than is shown in claims that these are attempts to "impose" religious doctrine on others. Catholic bishops have as much right as anyone else to participate in the public debate and to try to shape the public polity, and their efforts are no more impositions than those of, say, the leaders of the civil rights movement or of gay and lesbian movements. It is astounding that the myth of some secret Roman Catholic political power continues to survive outside the church. Secondly, if the object of the Boston protest was to persuade Catholics, the demonstrators could hardly have chosen tactics less likely to attract them or more likely to confirm the views of those Catholics who believe the movement for gay rights to be fundamentally anti-Christian. If only on tactical grounds, spokespersons for the AAUW should be more careful of the company they keep.

ROBERT DAWSON

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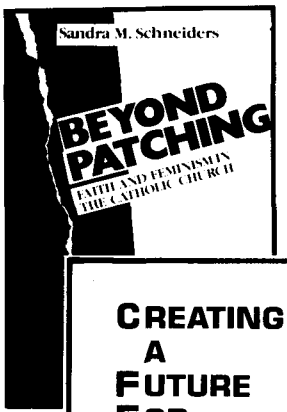

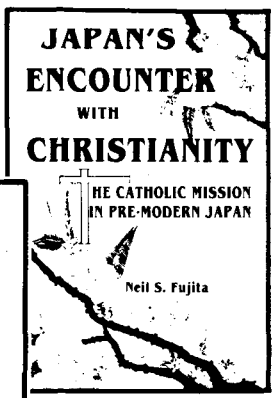

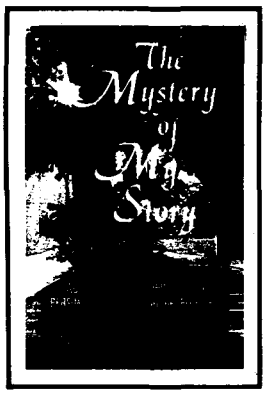

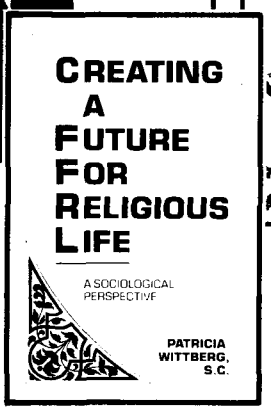

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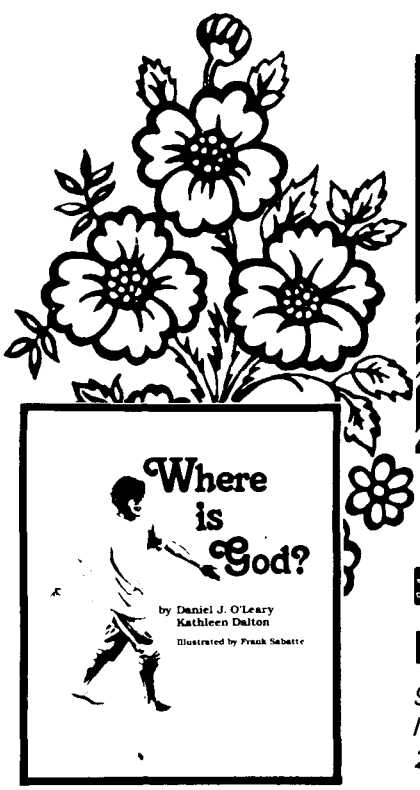

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